

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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Now you know it. This car so disarmingly innocent—so spacious—has all the speed of victory in her veins.

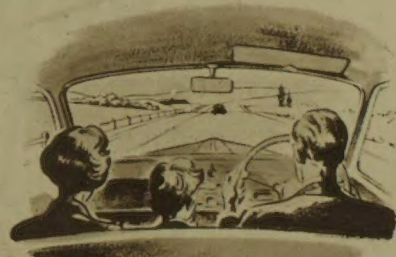
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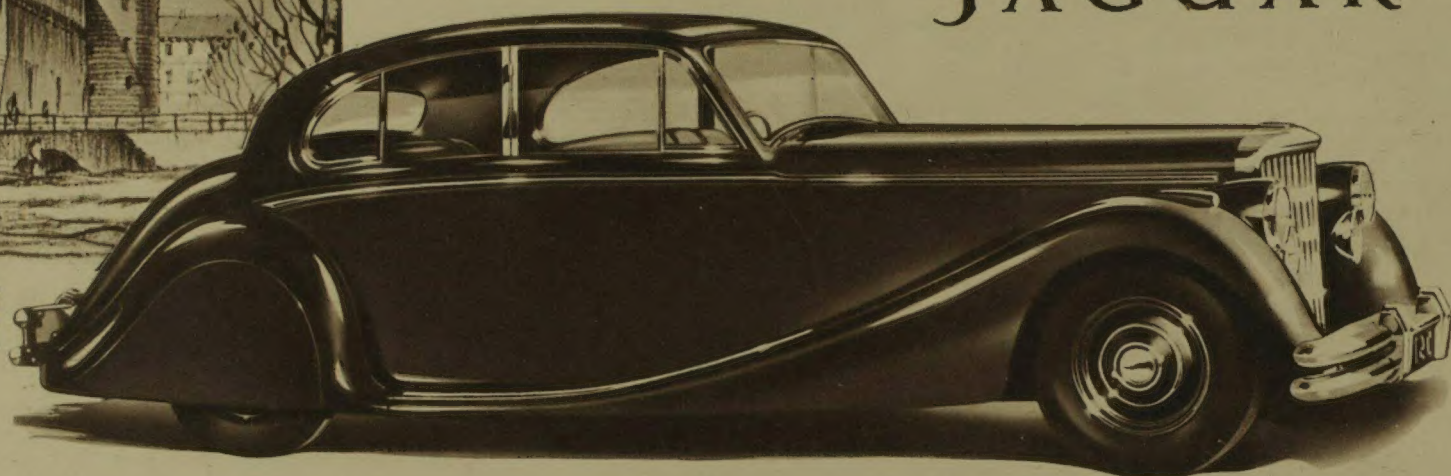
"When many people have doubts about our destiny . . .

## *it is a tonic to travel abroad in a Jaguar*

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# JAGUAR



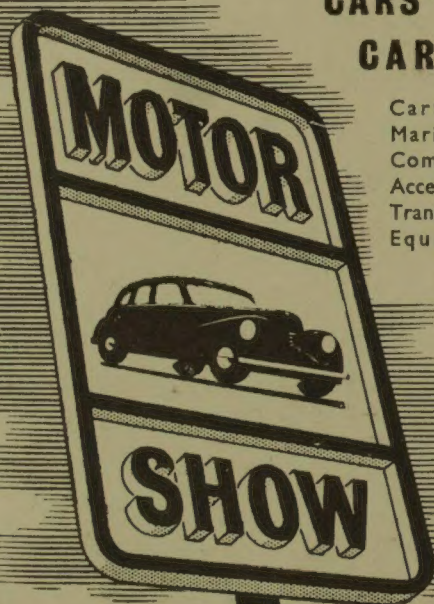
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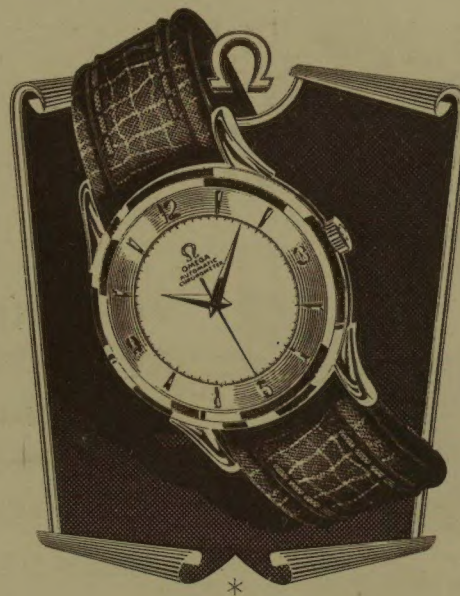


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CVS 164



### FOR A FORTUNATE FEW

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1950.



## ROYAL MOTHERHOOD: PRINCESS ELIZABETH WITH THE MONTH-OLD PRINCESS ANNE.

This delightful picture of the blue-eyed Princess Anne Elizabeth Alice Louise with her mother was taken at Clarence House when Britain's youngest Princess was a month old. She has been described as a happy and healthy baby, and certainly

looks, in this first public photograph, the picture of contentment. It is expected that the christening will take place after the Royal Family's return from Balmoral in October. Other pictures of Princess Anne with her mother and brother appear on page 471.

*Camera Study by Cecil Beaton.*





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE little inn by the West Dorset sea had a minute patch of grass between it and the gaunt row of Edwardian boarding-houses opposite, and on the grass stood a set of rickety cricket stumps, with a single stump defiantly facing it about a dozen yards away. I had not noticed this remote link with Lord's in my first impressions on revisiting the place I used to be taken to on holidays in the early years of the century, when jovial King Edward VII. was on the throne and Marie Lloyd in the heyday of her fame. But more than anything else it brought my past back to me—more than the shingly, shelving shore where I learned to swim, with many a gulp of Channel water, from a boat off the end of a rope; more than the little harbour where, in that simpler age, coastal sailing-craft, manned by W. W. Jacobs characters,

crowded together to delight a small boy's eyes and with rich stink of tar and brine, luxuriously fed his sea-dog-haunted imagination; more even than the dreaming coastline circling westwards and southwards into Devon, past Golden Cap and the glimmer of far white houses that marked Jane Austen's Lyme Regis. For, though till that moment I had altogether forgotten the fact, on that identical patch of grass, though not, I suppose, with those identical stumps, I used to play the greatest cricket of my life. Never, in my long, laborious, unrewarded, inglorious cricketing career—not when, by A. J. Webbe's side, I saw on one occasion Archie MacLaren

make a century and on another Trott take a double hat-trick; not when, still a fag, I kept wicket in my first house-match and almost missed but actually caught, in a nervous spasm of snatching, a member of the school eleven; not when, during the First World War, by chance of temporary station but certainly not by desert, I played for one incredible afternoon in the same team as Hobbs—did the game assume for me the romantic wonder that it did in those early days of childhood nearly fifty years ago by the Dorset sea. The games I played there were, at their largest, impromptu matches between half-a-dozen or so children and a few grown-up relations; more often, when I could find no one to bowl for me or to face my erratic but tireless bowling, they were played by myself alone, throwing the ball high into the air and then racing, bat in hand, down the pitch to receive it at first bounce and sending it bounding high into the roadway and, occasionally, right across it on to the beach. But they were games, lit by the light that never was on sea or land, games in which the imagination rode

prince of the player, games which, in my hopeful fancy, were the forerunners of matches that would astonish the world. In imagination I was not a clumsy little boy with astigmatism and ill-co-ordinated hands and a congenital inability to play cricket as he wanted to play it. When I held the bat I was G. L. Jessop, crouching, with one eye on the roof of the Oval pavilion, where I was about to send the ball flying and Australia's till that moment well-founded hopes of victory. When I put myself on to bowl—as I unceasingly did—I was Barnes, and the straightest, artfullest trundler the world had ever seen. At cover-point I was greased lightning; in the slips as vigilant and sure as the Brigade of Guards. There was no limit to the wonders I performed—in imagination—and the delight I took in performing them. Do other

And yet, as I looked on that August afternoon of sun and wind at those diminutive stumps and that patch of ragged, salt-bitten grass, shining in the vivid Dorset air, I felt that with a bat in my hand I could still challenge the world. That I could still be what I would be: not Bryant the dry-as-dust, Bryant the scribbler, but Bryant the artful trundler, Bryant the slogging joy of the Tavern and Mound. And was that youthful dream of ambition any sillier than any of the dreams of ambition or human amelioration with which I and other grown men tease themselves? If I was a young ass in 1906, Stalin is an old ass in 1950. And for all his submissive millions, he will get no nearer his real ambition than I did with bat and ball. It is not in the nature of man to achieve dreams of glory, and, when he does, they are dreams no longer

and have long ceased to be glorious, at any rate to him.

It was Robert Louis Stevenson, I think, who said it was better to travel hopefully than to arrive. All my own experience of life confirms his diagnosis. I have had my little successes, and have enjoyed them, I dare say, as much as any man, but they have given me no joy to compare with those of sweet, romantic, unrealistic anticipation. Indeed, I have generally found that at the particular moment when I have been reaping the reward of some long-wrought endeavour, I have been mentally employed in day-dreaming and preparing for some future, unrealised and probably unrealisable achievement.

It is only when the imagination is active that man takes wings. At all other time he is clogged, sluggish, earthbound—a dull, joyless creature. And it is the impossible that really inspires him most of all. As we grow older, we are drawn in memory more and more to those early hours of dreaming anticipation, when time was a beckoning highway not a closing corridor to decay and the grave and when life was given us, in our estimation, to achieve, all our heart desired. And those who retain the secret of youth are those who continue to hope and dream greatly in defiance of all the gloomy phenomena of material realisation. I think if I could stand for an hour a day, bat in hand, on that wind-swept pitch on the sandy Dorset grass by the southern sea, I should still remain young by virtue of my dreams. For I should then inhabit, as I inhabited then, a world in which Ranjitsinhji was eternal and C. B. Fry for ever young, and I numbered among that glorious, immortal company, playing throughout an everlasting summer in fields of asphodel.



THE FAMILY PARTY AT THE WEDDING OF PRINCE GEORG OF DENMARK AND VISCOUNTESS ANSON, THE QUEEN'S NIECE, AT GLAMIS CASTLE. The Queen and Princess Margaret motored from Balmoral to Glamis Castle to attend the family luncheon party which followed the marriage of Prince Georg of Denmark and Viscountess Anson on September 16. Our photograph shows: (seated; l. to r.) Lady Clinton, Lord Clinton (grandfather of the bride), H.M. the Queen, the Hon. Patrick and the Hon. Elizabeth Anson (children of the bride), Princess Margaretha and Prince Axel of Denmark (parents of the bridegroom), the Hon. Mrs. John Bowes-Lyon (mother of the bride). (Standing; l. to r.) Countess Granville, the Earl of Strathmore, Princess Josephine Charlotte of Belgium, Prince Carl Bernadotte, Princess Ragnhild of Norway, H.R.H. Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, Earl Granville, the bride and bridegroom, Count Flemming of Rosenborg, Princess Astrid of Norway, Mr. Simon Bowes-Lyon, Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon, H.R.H. Princess Margaret, the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, Countess Ruth of Rosenborg. Another photograph of the bride and bridegroom is given on page 494.

little boys, I wonder, living in the atom-haunted middle instead of in the Victorian-shaded beginning of the twentieth century, derive the same delight from the free play of their fancies? Or are such day-dreams forbidden them by enlightened parents and teachers as a form of indulgent wishful-thinking? I do not know. I only know that I could not indulge in them now. In my fifties I am aware of what everyone but I must have known in my boyhood: that my chances of playing at Lord's are non-existent and always have been. The end, and beginning, of my cricketing career is a seat in the pavilion, achieved not by athletic prowess but by virtue of the fact that a thoughtful and far-sighted father entered my name for candidature on the day of my birth. The glories of a late cut off Lindwall can never be mine. Nor can the spectacle of Nourse's wicket spread-eagled by my well-schooled cunning.

The eternal dawn without a doubt  
Shall break on hill and plain  
And put all stars and candles out  
Ere we be young again.



## PRINCESS ANNE: HER FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS AND FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE.



LIKE THE GREAT MOMENT OF "THE SLEEPING PRINCESS": THE MONTH-OLD PRINCESS ANNE WAKES TO THE KISS OF HER BROTHER, PRINCE CHARLES, NOW NEARLY TWO.



POSING FOR HER FIRST PORTRAIT: THE MONTH-OLD PRINCESS ANNE ELIZABETH ALICE LOUISE, SECOND CHILD OF T.R.H. THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

Since the birth of the Princess Anne to Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh on August 15, the British, and indeed a wider, public has been waiting with affection and interest for the first photographs of the baby Princess. In the photographs which we publish on our frontispiece and on this page, she makes her bow with grace and charm, with her mother, Princess Elizabeth, with her brother, Prince Charles,



PRINCESS ANNE'S FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE: THE BABY PRINCESS IN HER MOTHER'S ARMS, AS WITH PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCE CHARLES SHE LEFT LONDON FOR BALMORAL.

and by herself. The two portraits on the left are studies by Cecil Beaton, but the photograph on the right is a news photograph of what amounts to her first public appearance, when on September 17 she left King's Cross by train, with her mother and brother, to stay at Balmoral with her Royal grandparents, the King and Queen. A large crowd gathered at the station to see the Royal party leave.



THE window this morning is unfortunately running with raindrops. The sea and the sky almost merge into one and are distinguished only by the slightly darker smudge from the horizon downwards. I do not abandon hope for the rest of my brief holiday, not even wholly for the rest of the day. I am not, however, as sanguine as I should be in some seaside resorts—in Norfolk, for example, where it always clears up in a few hours at worst. I know this Breton coast well, and recall with a certain apprehension how thoroughly and persistently the weather can go to the bad. French visitors are pessimists about this part of the country at this time of the year; after two or three wet days they cease to hope for improvement and for the most part return home. Even yesterday, when I walked many miles on the beach, through the salt-marshes, and in the pine-woods, the sky was overcast and the wind was damp. Even then this bay was beautiful, and I shall indeed be sorry if I do not see it in sunshine before I go. There is also the consideration that exercise is necessary if justice is to be done to the hotel table. The proprietor is the chef, and a very good one, too. I have been drinking Muscadet, a little white wine from the Loire that seldom comes to England. This is not the fare of the "palace" hotels, but excellent in its simplicity.

At home, almost up to the last moment, I was reading and writing about Korea, trying to estimate the effects of the extension of the period of compulsory military service in the

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. WRITING IN THE RAIN.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

they could, and when this proved impossible registered them as of foreign birth. And armed warfare against one's own country, however honourably undertaken, has been accounted treason, punishable by death, by nearly all nations. In many respects the wild revolutionary fervour died out quickly. France proved oppressive enough under the Empire, but, except in Spain, her wars were not particularly savage.

After the Treaty of Amiens in 1802, the Londoners greeted the French envoy with loud cheers and there were for a short time kindly words even for the dreadful General Bonaparte. British visitors flocked to Paris. One cannot imagine anything similar occurring after a treaty of peace to-day. Nelson was one of those who felt the greatest bitterness against the French, as his correspondence bears witness. Yet he spoke in the House of Lords in favour of the Peace of Amiens, when Spencer, First Lord of the Admiralty in Pitt's Ministry, and thus his own former political chief and to a great extent his patron, opposed it. St. Vincent, a Portland Whig, was in theory opposed to the war, and it must be a matter of doubt whether he would have been allowed to hold an active command in our time. On Pitt's resignation, he joined Addington's Ministry as First Lord, in succession to Spencer, and as such was a party to the Treaty. Napoleon called back the royalist *émigrés*, for his own purposes, no doubt; but it was not the action of a persecutor or a fanatic. A certain freedom of opinion, a certain willingness to forget or excuse the past, were characteristic of an age in which the new spirit and the tendency to total war had not obliterated all trace of eighteenth-century moderation.

After the war, Louis XVIII. was restored to the throne of his fathers in France. Castlereagh, aided by Wellington, fought new battles, this time in the field of diplomacy. One of his chief aims was to prevent any excessive humiliation of France. He gave the monarchy a new start and a chance of survival which Charles X. threw away. Prussia, having felt France's hand at its heaviest, would have been repressive if she could have had her way. The Russia of Tsar Alexander and the Austria of Metternich were reactionary; but neither showed brutality in European politics, however severe they might on occasion be towards subject peoples and their own liberals. It is not undue partiality to put our own country at the head of the moderates, to count it as possessing the best understanding of the limits of force, though we assuredly did not in those days neglect our own interests. Yet, Prussia apart, there existed in Europe a reasonable spirit of toleration. Not all statesmen always lived up to it, but even when they failed to do so they had to pretend to be inspired by it. It was an accepted political currency. It remained an ideal even when it was debased. There was hope for its revival in cases where it appeared to have been extinguished.

To-day the lamentably narrow realm of such an ideal is often due to downright wickedness of the most abominable kind: greed, hatred, cruelty and sadism. Yet the stupid and the glib play their part in weakening it, and the honourable fanatic plays his. Honesty may be the best policy, but does not always make it. Talleyrand was as false and corrupt as an apple full of maggots, but he was an apostle of moderation and, as a political force, his influence was frequently beneficial to mankind. "But, above all things, no zeal!" The phrase would be highly unpopular in the Kremlin to-day, but if the Kremlin would only take a holiday from zeal the world would be the happier—perhaps Russia herself would be also. In Britain we retain the letter of toleration, so far, in some cases, as to lead to public danger, but I am not so sure that the tolerance of our spirit has not become somewhat blunted. The United States, worried and exacerbated by espionage and treachery on the part of sympathisers with a foreign Power, has begun to indulge in heresy-hunts, particularly in official and academic life, which shock her best friends abroad. Yet it is what goes on behind the Iron Curtain that most divides our age from the period of which I have written.

After the First World War the signs of what was to come were already indicated, though we did not recognise them at the time. There has been a revulsion in favour of the peace-makers of that era, formerly subjected to severe criticism; but in some respects the criticism was valid. The disintegration of the Austrian Empire appears to have been a grave error, though admittedly the pressure in favour of this step was difficult to resist. It has had the effect of increasing the tendency to unbridled nationalism, one of the factors in the growth of bitterness and intolerance. Theoretically it brought about an expansion of freedom, but in fact neither the intellectuals nor the common people of the States which were broken off from the Empire have since known as high a degree of freedom as they attained under the fussy Austrian bureaucracy. The decline in the power of Britain and France has contributed to the deterioration of political and social morality. The progressive weakening of Christianity, especially Protestantism, has hastened the process. Communism has spread in France and Italy in part as the direct result of the Second World War, but in part also for lack of inspiring and ennobling ideals to hold the place which it has succeeded in occupying. In our own country it may play but a small part in the polling-booths, but it has become powerful in a number of trade unions, in which



RESEMBLING THE U.S. "BAZOOKA" BUT FITTED WITH A SHIELD AND SIGHTING TELESCOPE: THE NEW FRENCH LIGHT ANTI-TANK WEAPON RECENTLY DEMONSTRATED AT THE SCHOOL OF INFANTRY, WARMINSTER.

On September 4 a demonstration of anti-tank weapons and machine-guns was carried out at the School of Infantry, Warminster. Among those present were representatives of the United States, and great interest was shown in the 3.5-in. rocket launcher which that country had made available. Our photographs show a French light anti-tank weapon resembling the U.S. "bazooka," which also attracted much attention. It is fitted with an anti-flash shield and sighting telescope and can be fired standing or from a prone position.

States of Western Union, and generally concerning myself with the misfortunes and dangers of an uneasy and anxious world. Here, at first glance, one would say that there had always been peace, but hidden in the grass are the foundations of several buildings destroyed by bombs, uselessly, as it would appear. German concrete casemates command the vast beach, and coils of barbed wire are still to be found in the dunes. In older days we ourselves fought the French, seldom with success, along this coast, from Saint-Cast, scene of a minor "unfortunate incident," to Quiberon, where Warren landed an army of French royalists, all of whom had to surrender to Hoche, and some hundreds of whom were shot in cold blood. But Quiberon was also the scene of a brilliant naval victory, and at Brest, St. Vincent nearly ruined a great Franco-Spanish fleet by his grim blockade. British frigate captains once knew every bay on this dangerous, rock-strewn coast, where death always clutches at the unwary and the incompetent navigator.

The French Revolution and Empire saw a new spirit in warfare, an approach to total war brought about largely by the ideas of the Revolution itself. Its more fanatical children believed that they were fighting for a new world, which they called a world of freedom, though there was generally little freedom for the people of the countries which fell before their arms. Intense passion in religious or political idealism is apt to lead to lack of restraint, and the French Revolution introduced a bitterness rare since Catholic and Protestant massacred each other in the Thirty Years War. Nazi, Fascist and Communist have a similar detestation for the bourgeoisie who stand in the way of progress, and if the Communist is rather more honest than the Nazi, that makes him the more bitter. After the liberal and altruistic nineteenth century the world has returned to the atmosphere that distinguished the wars which ushered it in. The same ugly mixture of passion and fear is to be found. The same lack of restraint, the same recklessness of consequences, are among the most prominent characteristics of our politics. So much is almost a commonplace. I fear I must go further and assert that the new manifestations are worse than the old. The new mass-killing weapons play a part in the neurosis of our time, but a powerful factor in our anxiety is the growth of fanaticism.

The French, for example, say to-day: "If we cannot be defended, it will not be worth while to liberate us. There will be nothing worth liberation, since all that is free or cultured will have been exterminated." No nation faced such horror as this a century and a half ago. Turn back to one of the savageries of Revolutionary France. It was decreed that royalists of the Army of Condé, fighting against their country under foreign command, should be shot on capture. For a time this was done, but soon the French officers and soldiers refused to carry out the work. They liberated the prisoners when



FIRING THE NEW FRENCH LIGHT ANTI-TANK WEAPON FROM THE PRONE POSITION: FRENCH TROOPS AT A DEMONSTRATION HELD AT THE SCHOOL OF INFANTRY, WARMINSTER, WHICH WAS ATTENDED BY THE DEFENCE MINISTERS OF BRITAIN, FRANCE, BELGIUM, LUXEMBURG AND THE NETHERLANDS.

unofficial Communist leaders often flout the decisions of the accredited leaders and carry the workers with them.

These matters, regarded by the historian of social and political change, who ranges over two or three centuries, may be only phases of development. Those who despair to such an extent as to proclaim that this age is about to destroy its own world are almost certainly exaggerating. Humanity possesses great powers of recuperation. Yet it does appear probable that we are heading for one of the most violent breaks in continuity to be found in modern history, perhaps for a period corresponding to the "Dark Ages." For centuries, despite wars and revolutions, the links of culture have remained uncut and can be seen stretching right through the tapestry of history. The threat to their continuity is far sharper to-day than during the French Revolution. No irreparable damage to civilisation was done even in the holocaust of the Second World War, when so much that was precious perished. Yet now, in nominal peace, broken only by a little war in the Far East, we are called upon, as insistently as then, to defend the culture built up step by step in the past.



# WITH THE BRITISH TROOPS IN KOREA: OPERATIONS IN THE CENTRAL SECTOR.



WATCHING THE EFFECT OF A UNITED NATIONS AERIAL ATTACK ON NORTH KOREAN POSITIONS ON THE FARTHER BANK OF THE NAKTONG RIVER: BRITISH TROOPS IN KOREA.



CONVOYED BY A U.S. TANK: BRITISH TROOPS IN A LORRY *EN ROUTE* TO THE NORTH-WEST SECTOR OF THE SOUTH KOREAN FRONT, WHERE THEY WERE SOON IN ACTION.



TROOPS OF THE MIDDLESEX REGIMENT AND THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS RECEIVING INSTRUCTION IN THE "BAZOOKA" FROM A G.I. DEMONSTRATOR.



WEARING A "DEERSTALKER" TYPE OF HAT: A FILE OF BRITISH TOMMIES, MARCHING ALONG A ROAD ON THEIR WAY TO THE FIGHTING IN THE TAEJU SECTOR.



LENDING A HAND WITH THE "LOCALS": TWO MEN OF THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS LIGHTEN THE LOAD FOR A SOUTH KOREAN PEASANT.

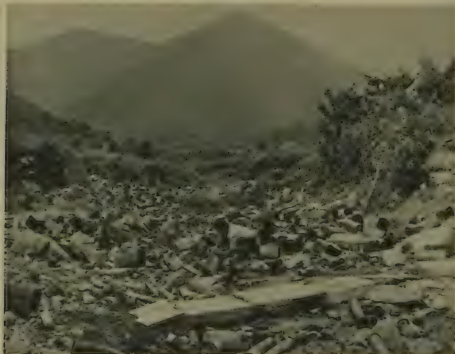
WHILE the five Allied landings behind the enemy's lines in Korea (reported elsewhere in this issue) were in progress and making good headway, U.S., South Korean and British troops were launching a general offensive on all sectors of the South Korean front. This general offensive met with considerable success, although North Korean withdrawals were usually under control. In the south of the front the North Korean withdrawal appeared to be general, but in the centre, round Taegu, where the British Brigade and the U.S. 1st Cavalry Division were in action, the Communist resistance continued to be very stubborn, but progress was made. South Korean forces in the northern sector made some successful advances. About this date it was officially announced that the British troops of the Middlesex Regiment and the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders—the 27th Brigade—were fighting in the central sector, near Taegu, and so are part of I. Corps, which is commanded by Major-General Frank W. Milburn, and includes the U.S. 1st Cavalry Division and the 24th Infantry Division.



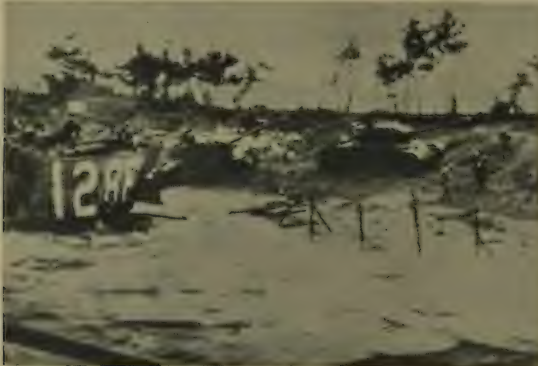
STRUNG WITH INNUMERABLE WEAPONS AND GADGETS, BUT INDOMITABLY CHEERFUL: TWO BRITISH TOMMIES OF THE 27TH BRIGADE, NOW IN ACTION IN THE TAEJU SECTOR OF KOREA.



# THE UNITED NATIONS COUNTER-STROKE IN THE KOREAN WAR AND SOME ASPECTS OF THE STRUGGLE ON OTHER FRONTS: A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE FIGHTING.



A FEATURE WHICH HAS CHANGED HANDS THIRTEEN TIMES: "BATTLE MOUNTAIN," ON THE SOUTH-WESTERN KOREAN FRONT, WITH THE ROAD GUARDED BY A CAMOUFLAGED TANK.



THE DAWN ATTACK ON WOLMI ISLAND, OFF THE PORT OF INCHEON: U.S. MARINES JUMPING ASHORE FROM LANDING CRAFT UNDER THE COVERING FIRE OF PERISHING TANKS IN CLOSE SUPPORT. (Picture by Radio.)



WHERE U.S. INFANTRY AND MARINES MADE A SURPRISE LANDING UNDER THE GUNS OF AMERICAN AND BRITISH WARSHIPS: A VIEW OF INCHEON, THE PORT OF SEOUL.



THE COUNTER-STROKE WHICH MAY PROVE DECISIVE IN KOREA: A MAP SHOWING WHERE LANDINGS OF UNITED NATIONS FORCES WERE REPORTED TO HAVE TAKEN PLACE ON SEPTEMBER 15 BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES.



THE DRAWBACK OF DRY WEATHER: U.S. TROOPS PROTECTING THEIR EYES AND THROATS FROM THE CLOUDS OF DUST ON THE ROADS WITH IMPROVISED MASKS.

The whole aspect of the war in Korea was changed by the announcement on September 15 that the U.S. 10th Army Corps and elements of the 1st Marine Division had made a landing on Wolmi Island, off Incheon, the port of Seoul, under the guns of American, British and Dominion warships. The island was captured in thirty minutes and Marines made their way over the causeway to

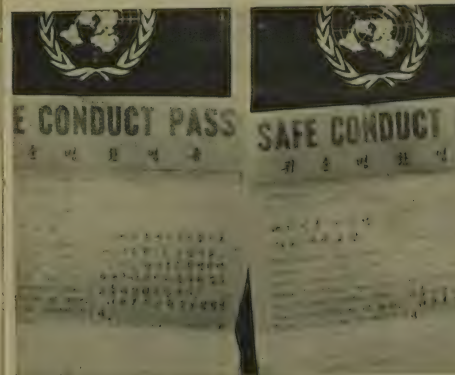


THE END OF THE TRIUMPHANT ADVANCE SOUTH FOR TWO NORTH KOREANS: U.S. TROOPS GUARDING COMMUNIST PRISONERS ON THE TURRET OF A U.S. 25TH DIVISION TANK.

Incheon, where infantrymen were landed. Other landings were reported at Kunsan, Yongdok and Changsa, north of Pohang, and at the same time pressure was put on the enemy all along the front, with varying success. On September 18 the troops landed at Incheon had captured Kimpo Airfield, 15 miles from Seoul, and had reached the River Han, to the south-west of the city. These troops



THE FIRST OBJECTIVE IN THE ATTACK ON INCHEON: WOLMI ISLAND (FOREGROUND), WHICH WAS CAPTURED BY U.S. MARINES IN THIRTY MINUTES IN A DAWN ATTACK.



ATTACKING THE MORALE OF THE NORTH KOREAN TROOPS FROM THE AIR: SPECIMENS OF THE "SAFE-CONDUCT PASS," THOUSANDS OF WHICH HAVE BEEN DROPPED BY U.S. AIRCRAFT.



RECRUITS TO THE WOMEN'S BRANCH OF THE SOUTH KOREAN ARMY ON PARADE: MARCHING THROUGH PUSAN WITH MILITARY PRECISION ON COMPLETION OF TRAINING.

were supported by carrier-based fighters and fighter-bombers from the fleet operating off Incheon. General MacArthur visited the front in this area and talked to troops within 400 yards of a village from which the enemy were at that moment being driven. Major-General Almond, commanding the U.S. 10th Corps engaged in the operation, is reported as saying: "If we destroy the



COMBATANTS' AND NON-COMBATANTS TAKE COVER FROM ENEMY FIRE: U.S. MARINES IN THE CHANGNYONG SECTOR SHARING THE SHELTER OF A RIDGE WITH REFUGEES.



CLEARING THE ROAD TO VICTORY: A U.S. MARINE'S BULLDOZER TANK PUSHING BURIED-OUT ARMoured VEHICLES FROM THE HIGHWAY AS U.S. FORCES ADVANCE.



PREPARING FOR AN AERIAL BOMBARDMENT OF NORTH KOREAN POSITIONS: MEN OF THE U.S. AIR FORCE INSPECTING BOMBS READY TO BE LOADED ON TO SUPERFORTRESSES.

'North Korean Army here and it does not get back to the 38th Parallel, it will cease to be a military problem. The Korean problem then will be one to be settled by the diplomats. If the Russians think this is not worth the gamble there is no question of the success of this operation.'



## THE LADY WITH THE LAMP.

"FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, 1820-1910"; By CECIL WOODHAM-SMITH.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

WHEN one of the noblest and most determined and intelligent of women died, aged ninety, in 1910, she left instructions "that no memorial whatever should mark the place where lies my Mortal Soul" (by which she presumably meant Body), and that, failing that, "a simple cross without her name, only with initials, and date of birth and death, was to mark the spot." There was to be no national funeral, and no burial in Westminster Abbey.

Westminster Abbey (she must have had some horrible Puritanical fear, bred by excessive—for occasional self-examination is no bad thing—introspection, that her finest actions had sprung from selfish motives, which sort of notion never comes into the mind of the base, or the brainless) was successfully evaded. The simple memorial was erected over the

on. Various relatives were agitated, and some wrote letters to *The Times*. They thought the play vaguely libellous; anyhow, they said (and I remember conversations with one indignant and lovable one who said, regarding the playwright: "Well, I suppose if you say the chap is a friend of yours, he is probably all right") "It isn't in the least like Aunt Florence." I dare say that had Shakespeare produced his "Antony and Cleopatra" within twenty years of the almost simultaneous deaths of those two titanic lovers, Antony's nephews might have taken the same line: the only relatives of Cleopatra's whom I can remember could have had no say, for they were innocent sons who were butchered by Octavius-Augustus, a statesman much admired by the sort of historians who will justify or scamp murders of convenience by dead organisers, but violently protest if their contemporaries follow the same course. Yet that play may have been, in essence, true; and I remember when I was present at the first night of "The Lady with the Lamp," not being entirely unacquainted with Miss Nightingale's character and achievements, but realising the compulsion of the dramatist to compress, and his limitation by the necessity of producing scenes and curtains, I thought the play an honest and fundamentally true summary, and had the very best of reasons to believe that it was emotionally moving.

Cecil Woodham-Smith's very big book certainly supersedes all others. She says, in a prefatory note: "In writing this biography I have been given an opportunity of presenting what I believe to be a complete picture of Miss Nightingale, for the first time. When Sir Edward Cook wrote his admirable official life immediately after Miss Nightingale's death, there was a large body of material which, for family and personal reasons, was either not available to him or he was asked not to use. He did not, for instance, see the Verney Nightingale papers; he saw only part of the collection I describe as the Herbert papers; and there was a great deal of other correspondence of which he was asked to make only a limited use. I have been fortunate enough to be given access to this material." The result is a compendious and fascinating volume. It has (unless, by accident, a defective copy has reached me) one very great drawback. After going through it, I wanted to refresh my memory about certain facts and dates, and found that there was no list of chapters and no chapter headings. It was with reference to an incident in the Crimean War that a *Daily Telegraph* leader-writer wrote (thereby giving the Poet Laureate a lead) "someone had blundered." But either author or publisher seems to have blundered here: I feel like a parachutist who has been dropped into a country, visited once beforehand, from which all the signposts have been removed.

I suppose that, until the end of our civilisation, it will be the memory of "The Lady with the Lamp" which will chiefly last: the collaborator of Sidney Herbert, the nightly visitant to the broken and festering soldiers in the wards of Scutari, the woman of which it is written: "On September 19th Miss Nightingale left Edinburgh with W. E. N. for Birk Hall; and on September 21st she was commanded to Balmoral for an afternoon's talk with the Queen and the Prince Consort. The meeting, an informal one, lasted for more than two hours, and was a triumphant success. 'She put before us,' wrote the Prince in his diary that night, 'all the defects of our present military hospital system and the reforms that are needed. We are much pleased with her; she is extremely modest.' 'I wish we had her at the War Office,' wrote the Queen to the Duke of Cambridge, the Commander-in-Chief." In the popular mind she appears and disappears with the Crimean War. But she lived long after that, worked incessantly, and remained, like the lodestone, true to her pole.

When she was over seventy, she was busy in Buckinghamshire as she had been, here and abroad, when she was in her early thirties. She evolved a scheme for rural sanitation. It had its inconveniences: "Lady lecturers on health are more rife than influenza," she wrote to Margaret in December, 1892. "It is a perfect pest. They send their programmes to me! at Claydon!! which is adding insult to injury as the

parrot said when they brought him from his native shores to the British Isles and there made him learn English. The Lady Lecturers pursue me as fleas do in Italy. . . . I have carefully read with mingled fury and pleasure your excellent summary."

But she forged ahead, all the same. It was a curious reproduction of the work she had done in her best days in India, a reproduction in miniature with Buckinghamshire in place of India, the Aylesbury district in place of Bengal. Even the conclusion repeated itself. Progress was impossible without water. Village sanitation in England, as in India, turned on water supply. "Prizes to cottagers for cleanliness are not desirable," she wrote to the Medical Officer of Health in November, 1891. "The prizes ought to be for handy water supply—to the authorities. . . . It is very pretty in a picture, the group at the well of mother and children. It is not pretty in practice. The first possibility of rural cleanliness lies in water supply." It is odd that one doesn't find the name of Lord Lister in the Index; they had a great deal in common, they waged parallel and kindred fights, and they had to encounter much the same sort of sluggish, red-tape-ish and obscurantist oppositions.

In old age, the Order of Merit was bestowed on her by King Edward VII. She was bedridden and barely conscious: "Too kind, too kind," she murmured. A few years later another O.M. arrived at another death-bed. "Spare my blushes!" whispered Henry James. The creaking machinery of the State delivered, in both instances, the laurels just in time for them to serve as funeral-wreaths. But neither party would have minded. Had they been acquainted with modern slang both would have smiled and said: "Just one of those things." But I dare say that, in spite of their disdain for worldly recognition, there might have sounded in the back of their minds an echo from Othello's last speech:

I have done the State some service, and they know it. Nobody, surely, can at heart be ferociously opposed to gratitude, however tardy.



MISS NIGHTINGALE WITH HER TAME OWL ATHENA, CIRCA 1850.  
After a Drawing by Parthenope Lady Verney.

family grave at East Wellow: "F.N. Born 1820. Died 1910." But nobody who, prompted by whatsoever good or evil motive, has cut a figure in the world, can avoid posthumous fame, willed or unwilled. Those monuments, "*ave perennius*," will insist on being erected, even were it only in "the breaths of men." How on earth could that passionate servant of humanity, who might have been a superb wife and mother, and deliberately forfeited normal love and marriage because of a greater love, have supposed that she could suppress her memory by means of a clause or two in a will?

She has been written about, and will never cease to be written about, as a character, as a woman who revolutionised nursing, as a person who steeled herself to fight and beat an official machine, and the War Office at that. She had been no more than three years in her grave when Sir Edward Cook published his "official" biography, which had already been preceded by a slighter "Life." Since then she has been as conspicuous, and controversial, in death as she was in life. There was one turmoil when Lytton Strachey produced his "Eminent Victorians," and exposed her to his lens and his scalpel, though he was to some extent disarmed by her courage and integrity, as he was by Queen Victoria's, but not by Gordon's or Cromer's. There was another when the late Reginald Berkeley's play, "The Lady with the Lamp," was put



SIR HARRY VERNEY, BART., AND MISS NIGHTINGALE ON THE LAWN OF CLAYDON HOUSE, 1889.

The first complete biography of Florence Nightingale is reviewed by Sir John Squire on this page. This biography, which is the work of a woman, Cecil Woodham-Smith, contains a large body of material which, for family and personal reasons, was either not available to Sir Edward Cook, who wrote his official life immediately after her death, or he was asked not to use it. Although everybody knows of Florence Nightingale's wonderful work for the sick and wounded during the Crimean War, perhaps not all realise that this great woman, who died as recently as 1910, lived to the age of ninety. She is buried at East Wellow, Hampshire, her only memorial—at her express wish—a small cross on which are the words "F.N. Born 1820. Died 1910." Reproductions from the book, by Courtesy of the Publishers, Constable.

\* "Florence Nightingale, 1820-1910." By Cecil Woodham-Smith. Illustrated. (Constable; 15s.)

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## THE "BRIGGS PLAN": SCENES IN NEGRI SEMBILAN.



GUARDED BY A POLICE POST AND FENCED IN WITH BARBED WIRE: A RECENTLY COMPLETED CHINESE SETTLEMENT IN NEGRI SEMBILAN. THE CHINESE CULTIVATE LAND OR WORK NEAR BY.



A SETTLEMENT ROUND A TIN-MINE: THE VIEW FROM A POLICE POST IN NEGRI SEMBILAN, SHOWING AN AUSTER LANDING STRIP IN THE MIDDLE FOREGROUND.



IN A REMOTE VILLAGE IN NEGRI SEMBILAN: A POLICE POST, WITH A MALAY CONSTABLE ON GUARD. THE WALLS ARE MADE OF EARTH AND SPLIT BAMBOO.

Something of the work which is being done under the plan drawn up by Sir Harold Briggs, Director of Operations, to bring security against terrorist attacks in the remote parts of Malaya, can be seen in the above photographs. Reviewing the progress of the "Briggs Plan" recently, Sir Harold Briggs said that resettlement and regrouping of squatters and labour had already begun throughout the country. The main military forces have been concentrated in Johore and Negri Sembilan. Under the scheme a Home Guard is being raised in the villages; they will be armed at once and have the power of arrest and search. Sir Harold Briggs said that it was the intention of the Government to encourage the people of Malaya to help actively in bringing the emergency to an end quickly and not to leave the job entirely to the Government.

## MALAYA IN ARMS: R.A.F. REGIMENT RECRUITS.

Seventy-one recruits of the R.A.F. Regiment (Malaya) recently passed out at Changi on completion of their four months' training. An impressive ceremonial parade, watched by a throng of spectators, including many Malay airmen clad in their new walking-out uniform, ended in an address by the Air Officer Commanding, Malaya, Air Vice-Marshal Mellersh, and with the presentation of prizes and trophies to the best individual recruits and flights. Through an interpreter, Air Vice-Marshal Mellersh complimented the recruits on their smartness; and spoke of the part being played by the R.A.F. Regiment (Malaya) in the Malayan campaign. He concluded with a word of congratulation for the Regiment's band, expressing the hope that it might at some future date take much the same place in the Far East Command as an R.A.F. Regional Band in Britain.



THE MARCH-PAST AT THE END OF THE CEREMONIAL PARADE: RECRUITS OF THE R.A.F. REGIMENT (MALAYA) AT CHANGI.



AIR VICE-MARSHAL F. J. W. MELLERSH INSPECTING THE RECRUITS: A MALAY AIRMAN IN THE NEW WALKING-OUT UNIFORM CAN BE SEEN (LEFT).



THE BEST ALL-ROUND RECRUIT: IDUS BIN BAKAI, RECEIVING THE CUP AND A SARONG FROM AIR VICE-MARSHAL F. J. W. MELLERSH, THE A.O.C. MALAYA.



# LONDON HOME OF THE PRIMATE: LAMBETH PALACE.

THE manor of Lambeth Palace, London residence for seven centuries of the Archbishops of Canterbury, was acquired from the See of Rochester by exchange about 1190-1200. The building was begun by Archbishop Langton (1207-29) and continued by Archbishop Boniface (1240-70); and few of their successors failed to add to or alter it in some way. The residential part, in a Tudor-Gothic style, was built by Edward Blore for Archbishop Howley in 1829-38. Before the construction of the Embankment, the waters of the Thames were much nearer the Palace than they are to-day, and a niche may still be observed in the water tower where there once stood a statue of St. Thomas of Canterbury, to which the boatmen did reverence as they passed. Photographs of Dr. Fisher taken at Lambeth Palace appear on this and the facing page. The Archbishop of Canterbury is the first peer of England next to the Royal family, preceding not only all Dukes, but all the great officers of the Crown.



THE LONDON RESIDENCE FOR SEVEN CENTURIES OF THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY: LAMBETH PALACE, ON THE ALBERT EMBANKMENT, SHOWING THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AND "BIG BEN" ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE RIVER.



WHERE THE PRIMATE CAN RELAX DURING HIS BRIEF RESPITES FROM OFFICIAL DUTIES: THE ARCHBISHOP'S PRIVATE SITTING-ROOM AT LAMBETH PALACE.



IN THE PLEASANT INFORMAL GARDEN AT THE BACK OF LAMBETH PALACE: DR. FISHER ADMIRING SOME OF THE FINE BLOOMS WITH HIS CHAPLAIN, THE REV. J. S. LONG.



IN THE MAIN ENTRANCE HALL OF LAMBETH PALACE: THE ARCHBISHOP READING A CHURCH NEWSPAPER.



HUNG WITH PAINTINGS AND DECORATED WITH PIKES: ONE OF THE WALLS OF THE ENTRANCE HALL.



WHERE VISITORS ARE SEATED BEFORE BEING ADMITTED TO THE PRESENCE OF THE PRIMATE: THE WAITING-ROOM.





**VISITING AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND: HIS GRACE THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND.**

Dr. Geoffrey Francis Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury since 1945, arranged to leave this country with Mrs. Fisher on September 22 to visit Australia and New Zealand. Dr. Fisher was also invited to visit China and Japan, but events have made visits to these countries impracticable at the present time. Two important public events of the tour are the centenary commemoration of the Australian Board of Missions and

the celebration of the centenary this year of the Canterbury Diocese of New Zealand. Dr. and Mrs. Fisher are due to sail from Wellington for England on December 26. During the week before his departure for Australia Dr. Fisher addressed the Joint Synod at the meeting of the Convocation of Canterbury. Our photograph shows the Archbishop of Canterbury in his private study at Lambeth Palace.



## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

**MONANTHOS**, what on earth is Monanthos?—never heard of the plant! That, probably, is what nine out of ten readers will say—if I have as many as ten readers. Yet nine out of ten rock-gardener readers know *Morisia hypogaea*. That's the trouble: Monanthos and *Morisia* are one and the same thing. A few

years ago it was discovered that the gay little plant which we have all known ever since we started rock-gardening as *Morisia hypogaea* was originally named Monanthos. And so, according to the rules of the game—what a game—we must drop the use of *Morisia* and adopt Monanthos. That is, if we wish to be correct, and if one is not correct one might as well be dead. So let's, for the term of this article, be incorrect and dead, but comfortable, and talk about *Morisia*. But remember, after that it must always be Monanthos. Always.

There is a strange fascination about *Morisia hypogaea* which I find it a little difficult to understand. It forms a great starfish wreath of dark, glossy, spinach-green leaves, which lie out flat upon the ground. They are deeply serrated, or saw-edged. The rosette may be 3 or 4 ins. across, and sometimes there will be two or three such wreaths on a single plant. The root is a tap, a white thong, which plunges deep into the ground. In spring, rather early, come the flowers, which are like small wallflowers of clear golden yellow carried right down in the heart of the rosette on stems which are only about half-an-inch long. It is, I suppose, the compact dwarfness of the plant and the brilliant gold of the flowers, in contrast with the rich green leaves that make *Morisia* so attractive to rock-gardeners. It is not, by the way, an Alpine. It comes from little above sea-level in the Mediterranean. But it is a first-rate and perfectly legitimate rock-garden plant nevertheless.

*Morisia* shares its "Christian" or specific name, *hypogaea*, with the ground-nut, *Arachis hypogaea*, on account of a trick of elusiveness which is common to both. Not the costly elusiveness that was thrust upon *Arachis* in West Africa. That was no fault of the plant. The ground-nut has the engaging habit, after its flowers have been fertilised, of bending down the stems and forcing the young pods into the ground, where they ripen. Hence the names *hypogaea*, and "ground-nut," though they are not true nuts, but leguminous pods. *Morisia hypogaea* behaves in much the same way. The flower-stems bend over and down and push the sharp-pointed seed-pods into the earth. Why *Morisia* should do this I cannot imagine, for it is the aim of most plants to distribute their seeds far and wide on to fresh ground, and they employ many ingenious devices to accomplish this—wings and parachutes, explosive spring arrangements in the seed-vessel which fling the seeds in all directions.

*Morisia hypogaea* was one of the first plants that I ever went abroad to collect. It is a native of Corsica and, I think, Sardinia; or, I should say, an endemic rather than native, for it is found nowhere else in the world. That was in the spring of 1908. I went alone, took my bicycle, and spent a fortnight pushing the wretched thing up mountain passes and restraining it down them. Among the plants which I collected were the handsome *Helleborus corsicus*, which was then, so far as I know, unknown in English gardens, and *Thymus herba-barona*, the "seed-cake thyme," with its powerful aroma of caraway. This, too, was quite new to gardens. I left *Morisia* until the end of my stay in the island, for the plant is a crucifer, and all crucifers travel badly. The only locality for *Morisia* which I had been able to



"THE ROSETTE MAY BE THREE OR FOUR INCHES ACROSS, AND SOMETIMES THERE WILL BE TWO OR THREE SUCH WREATHS ON A SINGLE PLANT." MORISIA'S SPECIFIC NAME *HYPOGAEA* DERIVES FROM THE PLANT'S HABIT OF DIGGING ITS SEEDS INTO THE GROUND.

Photographs by R. A. Malby and Co.

dig out was "near the semaphora, Bonifacio," and so to Bonifacio I went, in a little coasting steamer from Ajaccio. It was a grim and primitive little town in those days, and probably still is, perched high on the edge of its headland cliff above the sea. After mounting by a long, stepped slope, one entered romantically by a drawbridge and portcullis. Although the weather was warm, I was compelled to keep my hotel bedroom window severely closed. It looked on to a small patch of poultry-stricken ground, entirely surrounded by houses, from whose windows everything that was not wanted—everything—was flung.

I spent my first day at Bonifacio, a Sunday, hunting for *Morisia* in the surrounding country. The land was incredibly stony and barren. But the wild flowers were enchanting, especially the ground-orchids and small bulbs, such as grape hyacinths,

ornithogalums and the crocus-like romuleas. And I met quantities of black snakes who were strangely

uncommunicative and hurried off to cover whenever I approached them. But not a sign of *Morisia* did I find, not even near the semaphore. Next day I called on an ancient herbalist, one Joseph Stephani, who lived in a cottage just out of the town. He had vast numbers of children of assorted sexes and sizes, great knowledge of the local flora, but not a word of any known language. Nothing but a very local patois of throat noises. However, a neighbouring schoolmaster came to the rescue. He had taught himself English from books but had never opened his lips to an Englishman. He explained to Joseph that I wanted plants of *Morisia*, and also of *Crocus minimus*, smallest and one of the most beautiful of all the *Crocus* species, and the old man promised to send men to collect them the next day. When I said that I would like to go with the men and see the plants



PERHAPS THE BEST-KNOWN CORSICAN PLANT IN ENGLISH ROCK-GARDENS: *MORISIA HYPOGAEA*, HENCEFORWARD MORE CORRECTLY TO BE KNOWN AS *MONANTHOS HYPOGAEA*. A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW WHICH SHOWS HOW THE GOLDEN FLOWERS NESTLE CLOSE IN THE HEART OF THE ROSETTE. In his article on this page Mr. Elliott writes of a collecting trip of forty-two years ago—when he took his bicycle to Corsica and "spent a fortnight pushing the wretched thing up mountain passes and restraining it down them." *Helleborus corsicus*, *Thymus herba-barona*, *Crocus minimus* and *Morisia* (*Monanthos*) *hypogaea* were the chief prizes of the expedition—although to achieve the last two he had to spend a day talking dog-Latin interspersed with grunts.

growing, Joseph made every sort of excuse against my going. The distance was enormous and they would be starting very early in the morning. Moreover, he hinted darkly, they were very "unkind" men. It would be dangerous. Nothing would persuade Joseph to give away his secret haunt of the plants. Instead, he took me early next morning to see a few plants actually growing wild. On that expedition, for the first and only time in my life, I conversed for several hours in nothing but Latin—Latin and a grunt with an upward inflexion which meant: "What's that plant?" Joseph knew the Latin names of all the dozens of plants we found. Later in the morning the men turned up with a small consignment of *Morisia* roots and *Crocus* corms. They looked to me a couple of singularly mild and friendly peasants.

I have always thought that one of the pleasantest of all the war stories was of the soldier who wrote home to his wife: "I cannot tell you where I am stationed. There are pyramids at the bottom of my garden." A perfectly true and rather more subtle version of this came my way during the last war. My son was doing radar in the Middle East. In one of his letters he wrote to us that he had been moved to an island, though of course he could not say where it was. A little later in the letter he added that he thought the wild flowers were going to be interesting, and he was expecting to find *Morisia hypogaea*. I knew at once that he was either in Corsica or Sardinia. I immediately posted him a guide to Corsica, though, as it turned out, he was in Sardinia. If his letter had fallen into enemy hands I don't think they would have been any the wiser. *Morisia hypogaea* is that interesting thing, a monotypic species. It has no relations. No other species of *Morisia* exists. As a garden plant it is not difficult to grow. Full sun and a good depth of fairly light loam are all it demands and, by way of a luxury, a little of the lime that so many crucifers enjoy. Some well-crumbled mortar rubbish is as good as anything. If you wish to increase, there are two methods open to you. You can sow seeds—the best method—and to obtain them it is necessary to prise up the buried seed-capsules with the point of a pencil. The other method is by root cuttings. In this case you dig up a plant and cut its thick, thong-like roots into pieces about an inch long, lay them out on the surface of a pan of soil and cover them with about an inch of soil. Keep them in a closed cold-frame and, before long, leaves will push up from one end of each piece of root, and roots will go downward from the other end. As soon as the leaves appear, shake the young root cuttings out and plant them in small pots until they are strong enough to go out into the rock-garden. But seeds, if you can find them, give the best results. From now on, *Morisia hypogaea* is *Monanthos hypogaea*. Always.



## AT THE R.P.S. NINETY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION—PICTORIAL STUDIES.

THE 95th annual exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society was opened on September 14 in the Society's house at 16, Princes Gate, Kensington, S.W.7, being open to the public without charge from Friday, September 15, until Sunday, October 15 (from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.; Saturdays 10 to 5.30 p.m.; Sundays 2.30 p.m. to 5.30 p.m.). This exhibition is recognised as the premier photographic exhibition of the world, comprising all types of photography and, as this year it is to be shown complete instead of being divided into two parts, it makes a very impressive display. Nearly 5000 entries from all over the world were received and of these 705 were selected for exhibition. Pictorial photography—of which we show some examples in this issue—undoubtedly provides the main

(Continued on right.)

"AND GOODNESS ONLY KNOWS THE NOSE-LESSNESS OF MAN" (G. K. CHESTERTON): "MEDITATION"; BY H. F. PILGRIM.

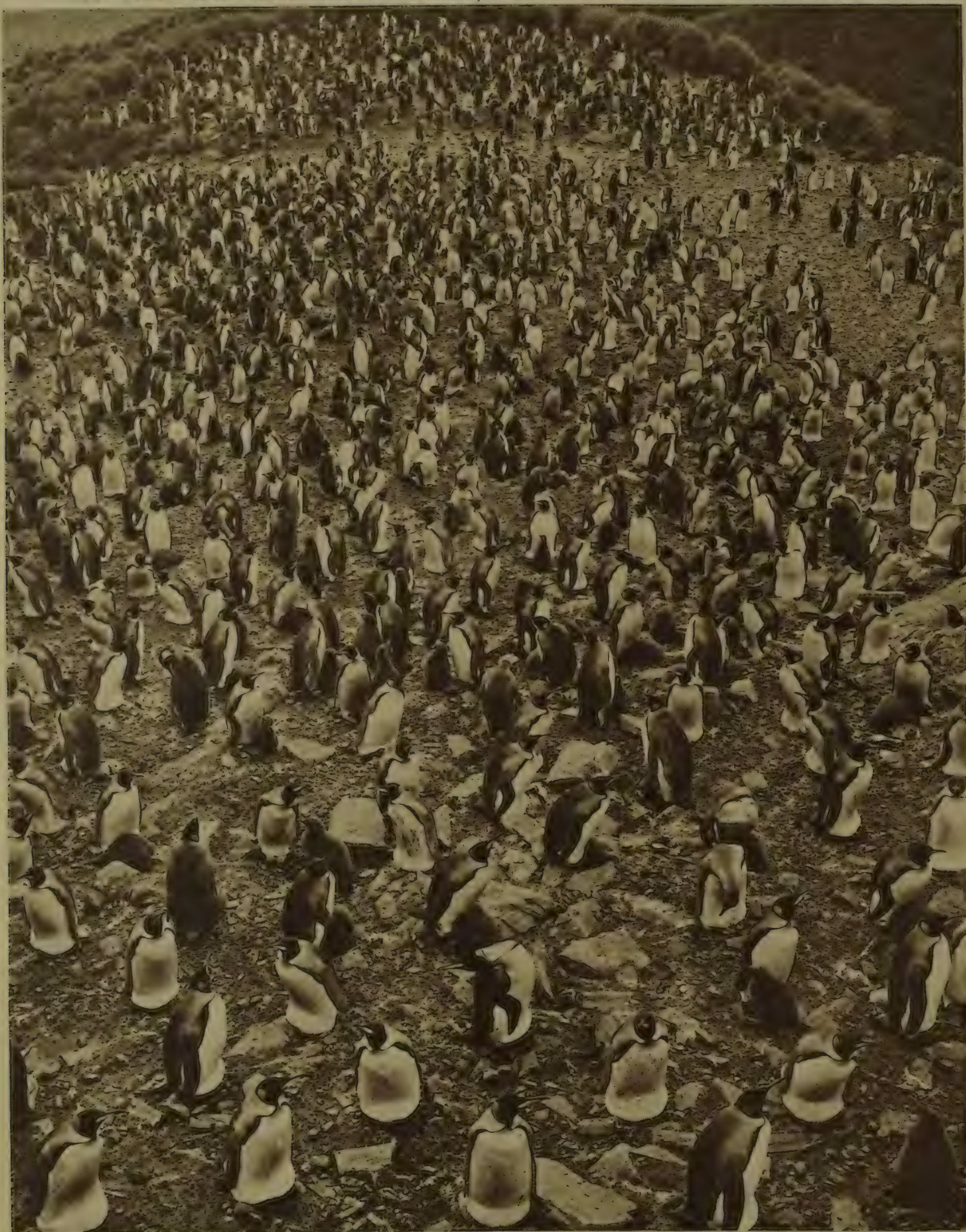


*Continued.* interest, but there are excellent examples of scientific, nature, stereoscopic and record photography, in monochrome and in colour. Throughout the Society's long history there have been only two occasions when its Annual Exhibition has not been held: one in 1862, when the Government held a Great Exhibition in which photography figured, and the other in 1866, when the Council of that day seems to have been uncertain about the number of visitors likely to be attracted. Even during the two Great Wars the exhibition was continued in London without a break. After the London display, the whole of the exhibition is to be transferred to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where it will be opened in the Laing Art Gallery on October 28.

"... LIKE LOTUS-BUDS THAT FLOAT ON THOSE COOL WATERS WHERE WE USED TO DWELL. . . ." (LAURENCE HOPE): "LILY NECTAR"; BY H. L. WADDLE.



## AT THE R.P.S. EXHIBITION: A STUDY OF PENGUINS IN CONCLAVE.



"SOCIETY IS NOW ONE POLISH'D HORDE, FORM'D OF TWO MIGHTY TRIBES, THE *BORES* AND *BORED*" (BYRON) : "MOTLEY CROWD" ;  
BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL NIALl RANKIN, F.R.P.S.

On other pages of this issue we show examples from the Pictorial Photography Section of the current exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society at 16, Prince's Gate, Kensington. The example on this page, however, is drawn from the Nature

Photography Section, a section which is perhaps increasing in popularity with the general public. The subjects in this section are extremely diverse, and range from spiders to sea elephants and from white clover to flowering cactus.

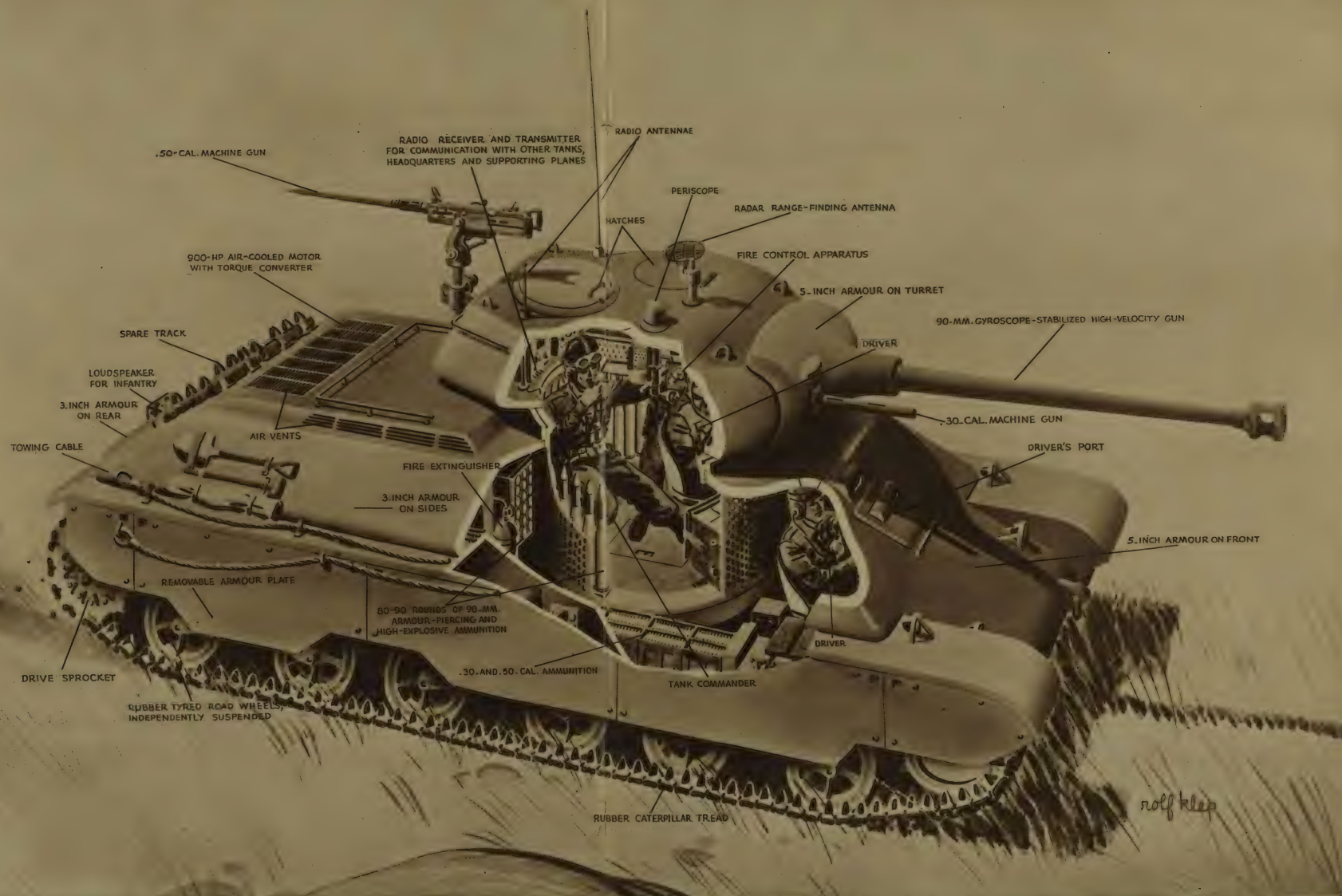


AT THE R.P.S. EXHIBITION: AN ORIENTAL PORTRAIT OF UNIVERSAL APPEAL.



"FAIR TRESSES MAN'S IMPERIAL RACE INSNARE, AND BEAUTY DRAWS US WITH A SINGLE HAIR" (POPE): "VANITY"; BY FRANCIS WU, F.R.P.S., OF HONG KONG.





### COMBINING HEAVY FIRE-POWER WITH SPEED AND MANOEUVRABILITY: A DRAWING OF A COMPOSITE TANK INCORPORATING THE BEST FEATURES OF AMERICAN AND RUSSIAN DESIGNS.

It is generally conceded that we have yet to see the ideal tank, for the designers of armoured vehicles are faced with much the same problems as naval architects, who have to compromise with the conflicting claims of speed, heavy armour and fire-power within a given total weight. In addition, the tank designer has to produce a vehicle with a low silhouette; and one capable of

traversing varied types of terrain. The Russian T-34 was the best tank developed during World War II, and proved more than a match for the first U.S. tanks in Korea, although the arrival of the new *Patton* tank has redressed the balance. The T-34 weighs 33 tons, carries an 86-mm. gun and is faster than the U.S. *Sherman*. It is, however, lightly armoured, but its low silhouette provides some

measure of protection. The *Patton* tank weighs 48 tons and carries a 90-mm. gun and is powered by an 810-h.p. air-cooled engine giving a speed of 35 m.p.h. on the open road. The silhouette has been lowered to 9 ft. 1 in., and demonstrates that both U.S. and Russian designers agree on two factors. Firstly, that a tank must be built around its gun, and secondly, that it should have speed

and mobility even at the sacrifice of armour protection. On these pages we illustrate a composite tank combining the best American and Russian ideas and showing the many features that must be incorporated before a model gets beyond the testing stage. And even then it may be argued that in this "ideal" tank the thickness of armour protection has been wrongly sacrificed for greater fire-power.

DRAWN FOR "LIFE INTERNATIONAL" BY ARTIST ROLF KLEE.





"DO YOU SUPPOSE," THE WALRUS SAID, "THAT THEY COULD GET IT CLEAR?" : EMBARKING ON THE ENDLESS TASK OF KEEPING CLEAN AND BRIGHT THE 156,000 SQUARE FEET OF ONE OF THE TWO FACADES OF THE UNITED NATIONS SECRETARIAT BUILDING.

Just as the painting of the Forth Bridge is a never-ending job, so the cleaning of the windows of the immense glass façades of the United Nations Secretariat Building in New York is the full-time, 52-weeks-a-year task—not of seven maids with seven mops—but of seven highly skilled window-cleaners, whose labours take them to a height of 544 ft. This building—designed by an international staff of architects

under Mr. Wallace K. Harrison—is 544 ft. high, 287 ft. long and 72 ft. deep. The two large façades are almost exclusively of glass, linked with aluminium, while the two ends are windowless and of Vermont marble. This strange shape—"like a sandwich set on end"—was dictated, it is said, by reasons of prestige, so that no person or national representative should have rooms facing into an interior well.





AS THOUGH PIRANESI HAD COLLABORATED WITH SIR CHARLES BARRY: THE HUGE AND NOBLE MASS OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT'S VICTORIA TOWER ENTIRELY MASKED IN SCAFFOLDING AND CAT-WALKS—AGAINST A THINLY-CLOUDED SKY.

In many of Piranesi's impressive yet sinister etchings the noble and dramatic mass of buildings is masked and criss-crossed with scaffolds and cat-walks as Gulliver was bound by the innumerable fine threads of the Lilliputians; and Londoners and visitors to London may now every day see just such a sight at the Houses of Parliament, where Barry's fine 336-ft.-high Victoria Tower—reputed the loftiest square

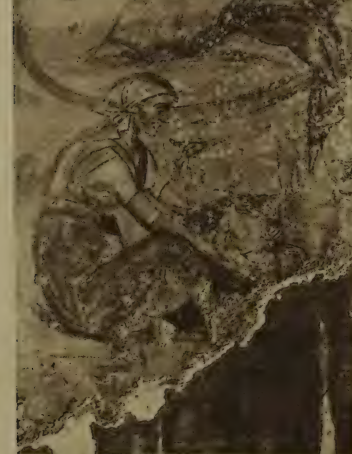
tower in the world—is now completely clothed in scaffolding. The purpose of this operation is the maintenance and restoration of the magnesian limestone of which it is built. The scaffolding was actually in position just before the outbreak of the last war, but the upper half was then taken down for fear of enemy action. Some fifty miles of steel tubing, it is reported, have been used for the job.





"THE ANNUNCIATION TO THE SHEPHERDS": DETAIL FROM THE NATIVITY IN THE FRESCOES OF THE INFANCY OF CHRIST NEWLY DISCOVERED AT CASTELSEPRIO.

SANTA MARIA DI CASTELSEPRIO (writes Dr. M. P. Hornik), lying twenty miles north of Milan, close to Varese, is the only intact building amid ruins, remnants of a fortified camp, which originated probably in late Roman times, and whose purpose was to guard the Plain of Lombardy against barbaric tribes. In medieval times the small town which grew out of the camp became involved in a struggle with Milan, and was, in 1287, destroyed. In the Second World War partisans chose the church as their place of hiding. One, a student with archaeological interests, discovered inscriptions on the walls in a very old uncials, and reported it to Milan. The layers of plaster were removed, and Professor G. P. Bugniet, of Milan University, main-author of the Italian publication on the Castelseprio Frescoes, visited the spot and convinced himself that the frescoes, now seen for the first time in 1000 years, were of the first importance. In no way connected with the monumental art of Ravenna, also far removed from everything called "barbaric," they were evidently a product of Greco-Oriental art, and only to be associated with monuments like the ivory *calcedra* of the Ravennate Archbishop Maximianus, or with the earlier layers of Santa Maria Antiqua, Rome, or, finally, with certain manuscripts. The strong connection with the chair of Maximianus points to Alexandrian origin of the mid-sixth century. The subject



SHOWING THE EPISODE OF THE BATHING OF THE CHILD; DETAIL FROM THE GREAT COMPOSITION REPRESENTING THE WHOLE STORY OF THE NATIVITY.

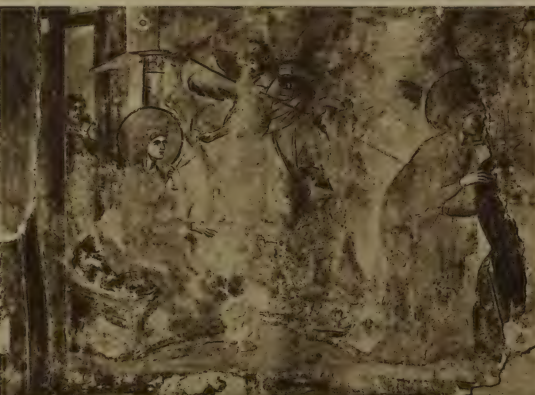
## SEEN FOR THE FIRST TIME FOR 1000 YEARS:



ONE OF THE MOST IMPRESSIVE OF THE CASTELSEPRIO FRESCOES: "THE DREAM OF JOSEPH," IN WHICH THE ANGEL IS PAINTED WITH SURENESS AND AUDACITY, AS DR. HORNIK POINTS OUT IN THE ARTICLE ON THESE PAGES.

matter of the Frescoes is a cycle of the Infancy of Christ. On entering the apse, the visitor is faced with the frescoes, distributed in three registers along the walls, of which the uppermost is the best preserved, and the lower partially destroyed. The contrast between the superb artistic achievement, on the one hand, and the subject-matter on the other, is striking. The latter is archaic and derives mainly from apocryphal sources (pseudo-Matthew and the Protoevangelium). The frescoes emphasize the Doubt of Joseph and the triumphal vindication of Mary's Virginity. From the psychological point of view it would be tempting to look for a historical and theological milieu in which it was necessary to stress the Virginity—where, in other words, it was a point of controversy. This would point to an origin in Alexandria. Bugniet has painted, in his great book on the Frescoes (produced in collaboration with two other specialists), a picture of the missionary efforts by which the Church tried to bring back into their fold the Arian Lombards, mainly in the second half of the seventh century, using as their chief agents Oriental monks (Syrians and Egyptians). One of them, Bugniet thinks, may have been the Master of the Castelseprio Frescoes. With the beginning of the seventh century the great times of Hellenistic Alexandria were coming to an end, for "hurricanes of conquest" swept over this ancient land. Many fled towards the West. Artists from Alexandria painted the so-called earlier layers of Santa Maria Antiqua, and a man belonging to this band of fugitives may have been the artist of Castelseprio. On entering the apse we find the Annunciation in the upper left corner. Mary sits in the open with, behind her, complicated architecture.

(Continued on right.)

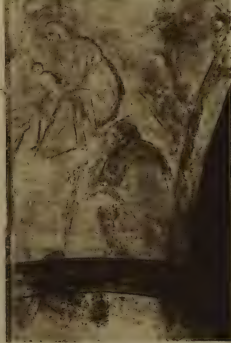


COMBINED IN ONE COMPOSITION: THE ANNUNCIATION (LEFT) AND THE VISITATION (RIGHT). THE HEAD OF THE VIRGIN IS OF GREAT BEAUTY AND BEARS A DEEPLY EMOTIONAL EXPRESSION.

## HELLENISTIC FRESCOES OF CASTELSEPRIO.



"THE JOURNEY TO BETHLEHEM": ONE OF THE CASTELSEPRIO FRESCOES, AN OUTSTANDING SERIES OF GREAT HELLENISTIC PAINTING FROM THE EAST.



"THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI," ONE OF THE SERIES OF FRESCOES IN THE APSE.

SCENES IN THE LOWER REGISTER, WHERE THE CHURCH IS SERIOUSLY DAMAGED.



SHOWING HOW THE DIFFERENT EPISODES OF THE NATIVITY ARE COMBINED: THE VIRGIN IS SEEN ON A BED (LEFT), WHILE ON THE RIGHT THE ANGEL IS BRINGING THE TIDINGS TO THE SHEPHERDS.



"THE NATIVITY": DETAIL SHOWING THE VIRGIN. DR. HORNIK, WHO DESCRIBES THIS SERIES, IS POSSIBLY THE ONLY SCHOLAR FROM ENGLAND TO HAVE SEEN THEM.

(Continued) representing, without doubt, the house at Nazareth. The figure of the Virgin is, in its lower parts, badly destroyed, but the marvellous head turned towards the Angel is in excellent condition. Mary is haloed, with a golden nimbus of great size. Her face has a strongly emotional expression characterized by the large eyes; the whole face is definitely Semitic. The Archangel Gabriel comes down from his flight in a violent movement, shown by the folds of his *palium*. His head and the Virgin's stand in the centre of the picture, and the message is expressed through him and directed by her. In direct connection with the Annunciation stands the Visitation, with no landscape or architectural element dividing them. In the Trial of Water we are moving again in an archaic layer in which the Virginity *post partum* was strongly stressed. The figures of Mary and the High Priest are perfectly preserved, though much has been destroyed to the extreme left. Mary is just coming to drink from the *Hydra* which the High Priest is insinuating towards her. We admire the imposing patriarchal figure of the High Priest. He, too, is haloed, with a blue nimbus of exceptional size contrasting with the Virgin's golden one. His dress is rich and interesting—pink tunic, over a sumptuous cloak covered with gold and gems, pearls and golden chains. Of particular interest is the golden *pitula* in his hair—a kind of magic mirror indicating the worthiness, the pureness of the offer of gifts. There follows in the centre of the apse a medallion with Christ in Majesty. The head of Christ is of great power and beauty. Still moving left to right along the top register of scenes, we come to the Dream of Joseph, or the Annunciation to Joseph. This is one of the most impressive of our cycle, well preserved, and presents not a few problems. We can only point out shortly

the qualities of the figure of the Angel, with its sureness and audacity. One would have to look far and wide before encountering a painting of this quality in the early medieval period. Let us point to another masterpiece, the Journey to Bethlehem, and then look at the Nativity, one of the richest and best-preserved scenes. It unites in one great composition the various episodes of the Nativity with the important scene of the doubting midwife Salome, her punishment and final salvation; then the Annunciation to the Shepherds, and finally the Adoration of the Magi. All these single elements, the cradle, the Bathing of the Child, the Virgin on her bed, the miracle of the midwife are blended here to testify the great miracle of the *Theophany*. The episode of the midwife is important, not only because the picture of this young woman is perhaps the most beautiful of the whole cycle, but her appearance raises many problems. Her presence points again to a Coptic-Alexandrian origin. We find this episode very rarely in Christian art, but, significantly enough, in the Chair of Maximianus. With the Adoration of the Magi which follows, we leave the upper register and start in the opposite direction. Unfortunately, here nearly everything is destroyed, but we can conclude from comparison with other cycles, what the following scenes must have been—the Flight into Egypt, or Massacre of the Innocents. Then probably scenes from the life of St. John the Baptist, ending with the Baptism of Jesus.



"THE TRIAL OF THE BITTER WATER": MARY IS ABOUT TO DRINK FROM THE *HYDRA* HELD BY THE HIGH PRIEST, WHO WEARS A GOLDEN *PETASOS*, OR MAGIC MIRROR, IN HIS HEAD-RESS.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### THE CANADIAN DINOSAUR.

DINOSAURS in their variety are becoming, for one reason or another, more familiar to the public, though the gigantic and grotesque forms are best remembered. It must have been a strange world in which these were the dominant animals; yet the world in which they moved, could we but see it, would now appear equally remarkable.

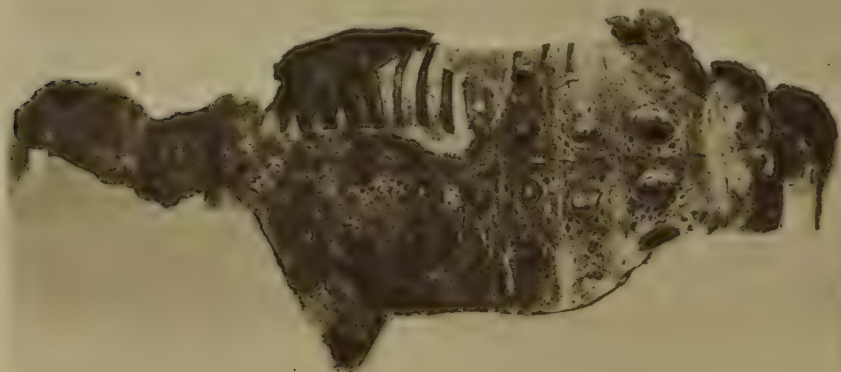
In North America, where ample geological resources have yielded so many fine dinosaurs, during the Cretaceous, the period that must concern us here, the distribution of land and water was different from that we see to-day. As yet, there were no Rocky Mountains and in their stead was a long arm of the sea that stretched from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico. Many rivers emptied into this sea and brought, especially from the east, great quantities of sand and silt. Lagoons and lakes were formed by these deposits on the sea margins and in the rivers, and especially great deltas at the mouths of many of the rivers

By W. E. SWINTON, Ph.D.

The dinosaur is an *Edmontosaurus*, one of the bipedal herbivores whose broadish heads had duck-

billed snouts and sometimes bore bony crests. The group is often referred to as the Trachodonts or Hadrosaurs. They were large and roughly triangular animals, the head being about 3 ft. long and about 14 ft. from the ground, while the length of the "hypotenuse," the neck, back and tail, was 30 ft. or more. The fore-limbs were short, suited only for use in slow movement or in resting, and ended in four-fingered hands, with webbed skin between the fingers. The hind-legs were strong and they ended in three-toed feet, the toes also being connected by a web. Each toe had a little hoof, so that the feet were adapted for an amphibious habit, for walking on the soft ground near the water's edge and for swimming in the water. The suggestion of amphibiousness is strengthened by the flattening of the tail from side to side, indicating that the whole tail, used as a balancer on land, was a modified oar in the water. Final proof of the habits, as is usual, is given by the skull. The broad, duck-like bill was eminently suited for nuzzling among the coarse and sandy rushes. These must have proved a hard diet upon the teeth. The modern horse has teeth whose structure and composition make them able to stand hard wear for a lifetime. The duck-billed dinosaurs achieved the same result by quantity. The teeth were small and leaf-like, fitted closely together. The grinding surfaces were constantly being worn down, but the tooth-mass was constantly growing up, worn teeth being discarded and almost immediately replaced. Each half of each jaw had about 500 teeth in the mass at one time, so the total in the jaws was over 2000.

The skeleton now being worked out was found at the Red Deer River, near Munson, Alberta. This is not far from the place where a remarkable spiny dinosaur, *Scolosaurus*, was discovered. Many duck-billed dinosaurs are known,



THE FINEST ARMoured DINOSAUR SO FAR DISCOVERED AND THE ONLY KNOWN SPECIMEN OF ITS KIND: *SCOLOSAURUS*; A VIEW SHOWING THE SPINY AND PLATED SKIN OF THE BACK, REMOVED IN ONE PLACE TO EXPOSE PART OF THE RIBS.

*Scolosaurus*, a dinosaur resembling a very large, spiky and heavily-tailed tortoise, was discovered in the Belly River formation on the Red Deer River, Alberta, in 1914, and the excavated fossil arrived at the British Museum (Natural History) for mounting in 1915. It was not until 1919 that the work of preparation could commence and the bones be freed from the matrix. In 1925 the specimen was examined by Baron Nopcsa, who named it *Scolosaurus cutleri*, and in 1926 he contributed an article to *The Illustrated London News* describing this dinosaur (which was by that time on exhibition in the Natural History Museum), accompanied by this photograph and the reconstruction drawing also reproduced on this page.

Photograph reproduced by Courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History).

The climate was warmer than now; it may even have been sub-tropical and the vegetation was often luxuriant. There is good evidence for this, for although the flora contains cycads and rushes, the older type of vegetation, and the plane and the beech as examples of the new, deciduous, kinds of trees coming in, there are also fossils of fig-trees and palms. Feeding upon this vegetation, enjoying the waters as sources of their food or as places of refuge from enemies, were many dinosaurs, especially those duck-bills that we shall describe later. By the margins of the waters were horned dinosaurs and other bizarre and armoured forms. On the uplands there were more, and sometimes even stranger, dinosaurs, like the dome-headed *Stegoceras*. These were all herbivorous, and they were all, when they could be caught, devoured by the bipedal carnivores.

Of all the great groups of dinosaurs, only one is lacking in Canada, the gigantic, four-footed kind, like *Brontosaurus* and *Diplodocus*, but in the north most of these had become extinct by this time. The Canadian dinosaurs that we know are restricted to deposits of late Cretaceous Age, and of two formations, the Belly River—now called the Old Man—Series and the Edmonton Formation, which is slightly younger.

When the animals died they would sometimes become embedded in silt, or their bodies would perhaps be washed down the rivers to lodge on some sandbank before becoming covered up. In the course of long periods of time the silts and sands accumulated and hardened, until eventually great thicknesses of rocks were built up. Then, in this instance, the inland sea dried up and great earth forces folded some of the rocks into the beginnings of the Rocky Mountains. Millions of years later, the Red Deer River, flowing through Alberta, has carved its way through the ancient deltaic deposits, now over 2000 ft. above sea-level, and on the cliff faces that its erosion has produced, the long-concealed dinosaurs are once again brought to light.

One of the greatest collectors of dinosaurs in North America and the curator of vertebrate palæontology in the National Museum of Canada, Mr. Charles M. Sternberg has made many discoveries in this region of Alberta. As a result of discussions in Ottawa between Mr. Sternberg and Dr. F. J. Alcock, Chief Curator of that Museum, and the writer, it was arranged that one of these dinosaurs should be sent to London. It arrived a few weeks ago, still in its field-dressings of coarse canvas impregnated with plaster of paris and supported by wooden splints. The complete specimen travelled in twelve boxes and weighed about as many tons. Its task of development is thus a difficult one, scientifically and mechanically, and likely to take a considerable time. Already good progress has been made. Two slabs are being dealt with; the canvas has been removed and the task of removing the rock, a hard, grey sandstone, is being undertaken on the tail sections. Here a fine impression of the skin has been found; indeed, the shape of the tail is discernible, and photographs of these two sections have already appeared in *The Illustrated London News*.



A RECONSTRUCTION OF THE ARMoured DINOSAUR *SCOLOSAURUS* FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF SEPTEMBER 11, 1926.

This drawing by Alice B. Woodward based on the fossil *Scolosaurus* in the British Museum (Natural History) makes an interesting comparison with the reconstructions of the Museum's latest acquisition, the duck-billed dinosaur *Edmontosaurus*, drawn by Mr. Neave Parker, which appeared in our issue of September 9.

and there are several skeletons even of *Edmontosaurus*, but there is only one *Scolosaurus*, that now on exhibition in the Geological Galleries of the British Museum (Natural History).

These Canadian dinosaurs were among the last of their kind. Changing geographical conditions and the increasing competition of the little mammals were soon to prove too much for a race that was always stronger in muscle than in brain.



## GOLDFISH ROUND THE WINDSCREEN; AND OTHER DRASTIC TESTS FOR CARS.



IN THIS TEST—OF WATER- AND WEATHER-PROOFING EFFICIENCY—THE WINDSCREEN GLASS BECOMES ONE OF THE WALLS OF A TANK. THE PURPOSE OF THE FISH IS OBSCURE.



HERE A CAR—COVERED IN DUST—IS BACKED OUT OF A CHAMBER IN WHICH A DUST-STORM IS SIMULATED, TO TEST THE DUST-PERMEABILITY OF THE BODY AND ENGINE.



A MOTORIST'S NIGHTMARE: A CAR COVERED IN FROST AND SNOW IN A CHAMBER IN WHICH AS MUCH AS 100 DEGREES OF FROST CAN BE PRODUCED AT WILL FOR TEST PURPOSES.



TESTING THE QUALITY AND COMFORT OF CAR UPHOLSTERY AND SPRINGING IN A MECHANICAL DEVICE WHICH GIVES THE "PASSENGER" A RODEO-LIKE RIDE.



AN INGENUOUS METHOD OF SEEKING OUT SOURCES OF DRAUGHTS. THE CAR JOINTS ARE COATED WITH SOAP SOLUTION, AIR IS INTRODUCED UNDER PRESSURE AND BUBBLES REVEAL THE FLAWS, AS CAN BE SEEN BESIDE THE DOOR.

All the "acts of God" which go to make up a motorist's nightmare—sub-zero frosts, 100-mile-an-hour dust-storms, under-water windscreens, upholstery which throws the passenger feet up into the air, and powered draughts which seek out every flaw in the coachwork—all these things can be conveniently simulated in the Engineering Department of the Nuffield Organisation at Cowley, Oxford. Here all these techniques—which would seem at first sight better designed for improving the terrors of the



AN IDEAL WAY OF "WATCHING THE WHEELS GO ROUND," AND ONE WHICH WOULD DELIGHT ANY BOY: A CYLINDER-HEAD OF TRANSPARENT PLASTIC THROUGH WHICH THE ACTION OF THE MOTOR AT ALL STAGES CAN BE STUDIED.

fairground—are used to subject cars to the worst—and far more than the worst—that they can suffer, and so to find out ways of making them yet more sturdy, more comfortable in all conditions and more reliable in emergency. One device which we show—the transparent cylinder-head—would delight any child, and seems a highly desirable amenity for that average motorist who in crisis can only jiggle the carburettor and gaze at the engine with an expression as blank as his windscreen.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A CONTINENTAL COLLECTION IN ENGLAND.

By FRANK DAVIS.

WHEN I first heard of these pictures they were advertised (a trifle shrilly, I thought) as "one of the greatest Continental collections."

Then a card reached me telling of their exhibition in Sheffield. I asked questions, but without result. Now, collections which can be described in these words, here or abroad, are not quite so unknown as all that. Moreover, the great names of Roger van der Weyden, Rembrandt, and Rubens were among others on the invitation card, and no mention of any work by these masters could I find in the standard reference books as belonging to the collection. It looked as if the beating of local drums had been a trifle too vigorous, and I decided I had more worth-while things to do. Other matters, however, took me to Sheffield before the show was over: I had

Gallery of Scotland, Edinburgh, while the remainder of the collection was housed at Perth. A large Rembrandt was most unconvincing, but one of the best possible landscapes by Salomon van Ruisdael restored the balance, while a small rocky landscape with trees and a flashing, tumbling stream beneath a stormy sky showed the more sombre and dramatic Jacob van Ruisdael working at a favourite subject. The smaller masters of the Dutch seventeenth century were beautifully represented—Aelbert Cuyp, for example (if he can really be classed as a small master), by the little study of horses of Fig. 2. With Cuyp, as indeed with other painters of his sort, one is liable to remember very vividly the large, famous compositions with trees, houses, cows and figures (things like the Dulwich Gallery picture now housed at Leeds), and forget those quiet little paintings in which his delight in the play of light upon the smooth texture of a horse's skin is expressed with such loving care, with the landscape, a cow or two, and figures and, in this case, a dog, of minor importance. They are unpretentious enough, but how sensitive! No wonder he was copied (I don't mean intentionally) even in his own day.

I was reminded of this quite recently, when I was looking at Fig. 3, from the Dulwich collection. Very much like Cuyp in sentiment, a trifle less sure in treatment, with not quite the great man's precise drawing. There is another painting of a similar character, also in the Dulwich collection, but signed "A.C." Now Abraham van Calraet (1642-1723) also signed his pictures "A.C."—and how many of them have changed hands in the past as being by Cuyp? Wherein lies the peculiar fascination of these minor seventeenth-century Dutchmen? All the bigwigs assure us that, with the exception of Rembrandt and Vermeer, they are very small fry, and the bigwigs are indubitably correct. We all agree that other men of other countries in earlier and later centuries have achieved an intensity of expression and explored the wonders of the visible world with far more imaginative insight than these dozens of sober-sides with their restricted palettes and bourgeois sentiments. Yet we turn to them again and again, perhaps for the very reason that they are so homely, leave the saints alone, and speak to us of familiar things: of pots and pans and crossbred nags and young women writing letters and tiled floors and brooms and the gleam of light reflected on wine glasses—the ordinary things of ordinary lives. There are many such in this collection, from the romantic Italianate Jan Hackaert to the most Dutch of all Dutchmen, Paulus Potter, who is represented by a small landscape with cows and horsemen (Fig. 1); a most charming little piece, the cows bathed in soft light, the figures in the shadows cast by a house and a tree; one of those very quiet pictures which, amid more dramatic neighbours, are so easily ignored but to which one can return again and again with extraordinary pleasure.

It will be apparent from all this that, in my opinion, rightly or wrongly, local propaganda seized upon just those qualities in this interesting collection which



FIG. 1. "LANDSCAPE WITH COWS AND HORSEMEN," BY PAULUS POTTER (1625-1654): FROM THE DEL MONTE COLLECTION.

In the Del Monte Collection, recently on view at the Graves Art Gallery, Sheffield, and now at Wolverhampton, "the most Dutch of all Dutchmen, Paulus Potter . . . is represented by a small landscape with cows and horsemen . . . a most charming little piece. . ."

an hour to spare, and found sixty minutes of very real pleasure, though not entirely in the terms of the invitation. Let me try to explain. There are such things as great collections full of indubitable masterpieces; there are others, many of them, formed over the course of years by a single sensitive individual, which contain splendid pictures together with some by no means so splendid. The effect of the whole upon a sympathetic visitor is to place him on almost intimate terms with the owner—one can follow him in his pursuit of perfection, mourn with him when his judgment is at fault, rejoice in his triumphs and understand his failures, at the same time by no means forgetting one's own manifold deficiencies, for infallibility is not an attribute of man. Who more foolish than the pontificating critic?

I know nothing of Mr. Del Monte except that he was a successful Dutch engineer living in Brussels who died about twenty-five years ago; his collection



FIG. 3. "TWO HORSES," A PAINTING SIGNED "A.C.," PROBABLY BY ABRAHAM VAN CALRAET (1642-1723): IN THE DULWICH GALLERY.

This painting, Frank Davis writes, is "very much like Cuyp in sentiment, a trifle less sure in treatment, with not quite the great man's precise drawing." It is signed "A.C." and is probably by Abraham van Calraet. Reproduced by Courtesy of the Dulwich Gallery.



FIG. 2. "LANDSCAPE WITH COWS, HORSES AND FIGURES," BY AELBERT CUYP (1620-1691): FROM THE DEL MONTE COLLECTION.

The smaller masters of the Dutch seventeenth century are beautifully represented in the Del Monte Collection which Frank Davis describes in the article on this page. The Cuyp which we reproduce is, he points out, unpretentious, but how sensitive!

shows that he loved painting and was not afraid to make mistakes. There is a large Rubens composition which I do not think the experts to-day would consider as more than a good studio piece by his assistants, but near it was a noble El Greco, glowing like a jewel—a picture which for some months was shown in the National

were of no consequence and ignored its very great virtues and perhaps, in an attempt to restore the balance, I have given undue emphasis to names which have no great popular appeal. But there are others. The El Greco has already been mentioned, and that in itself is worth a Sabbath day's journey; for those who are fascinated by the work of his youth (in this case when he was only about twenty) there is an early Rembrandt. There is, moreover, a Hobbema landscape which once belonged to the Wemyss family and appeared in the Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy as long ago as 1889, and the "Portrait of an Astronomer," by Van Dyck, which was seen in the Flemish Art Exhibition in London in 1927. Those who enjoy the game of fitting the correct names to pictures will find much to interest them in a large still life which used to be attributed to Chardin and in a striking portrait of a man in an armchair which has been given various authors from time to time.

Some of the wild statements which appeared in print must have been most embarrassing to the organisers, The Art Exhibitions Bureau, to the Direction of the Gallery and, not least, to the members of the Del Monte family in Holland. I was actually asked: "Is it really true that this collection is as fine as that of the Pinacothek at Munich or the Vienna Gallery?" There is no comparison, but I am quite sure that all who shared my pleasure will write to thank those who made the exhibition possible. It is not every day that one can see so individual a collection and follow the course of so adventurous a collector. The pictures have now moved to Wolverhampton, and will in due time return to Holland.



## DUTCH LIFE AND ART IN A BIRMINGHAM LOAN EXHIBITION.



"A RIVER LANDSCAPE WITH A FARM"; BY MEINDERT HOBBEEMA (1638-1709). 20 BY 26 INS.  
(Lent by Mrs. Noel Ashcroft.)



"SHIPPING IN A BREEZE OFF A JETTY"; BY WILLEM VAN DE VELDE, THE YOUNGER (1633-1707). 14 BY 17½ INS. (Lent by Captain Sir Bruce Ingram, O.B.E., M.C.)



"THEODOR SCHREVELIUS, RECTOR OF LEYDEN UNIVERSITY"; BY FRANS HALS (1580/81-1666). 6½ BY 4½ INS.  
(Lent by the Baron and Baroness Bentinck.)



"A LADY DRESSING"; BY PIETER DE HOOCH (c. 1629-1684). 11½ BY 10 INS.  
(Lent by Captain Sir Bruce Ingram, O.B.E., M.C.)



"PORTRAIT OF AN OFFICER"; BY FRANS HALS (1580/81-1666). 4½ BY 3½ INS.  
(Lent by the Baron and Baroness Bentinck.)



"A WOMAN WITH A CHILD IN HER LAP"; BY PIETER DE HOOCH (c. 1629-1684). 20 BY 24 INS. (Lent by Percy B. Meyer, Esq.)



"AN OLD WOMAN READING A BIBLE"; BY NICOLAES MAES (1632-1693). 18½ BY 23 INS.  
(Lent by John Roberts, Esq.)

On this page we show a few examples of the pictures by Dutch masters which have been lent from many collections to Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery for an exhibition which is entitled "Some Dutch Cabinet Pictures of the Seventeenth Century"—which opened at the end of August and which is to remain open until October 8. In the words of the catalogue, "This exhibition makes no claim to be

truly representative of Dutch painting in the seventeenth century; as its title implies, the pictures chosen are, for the most part, of small dimensions, suitable for hanging in the houses of the rich burghers of Holland and are intended to reflect, in some measure, the manners and social life of the time." Within these limits, however, the exhibition has a wide range, comprising seventy pictures by forty-four artists.



# SOME PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND OCCASIONS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



NOW ON THEIR WAY TO AUSTRALIA: THE M.C.C. TEAM ON BOARD THE STRATHEDEN BEFORE SAILING FROM TILBURY ON SEPTEMBER 14.

The M.C.C. team who are to tour Australia sailed from Tilbury on September 14. Our photograph shows (l. to r.) Brigadier M. A. Green (joint manager); D. C. S. Compton (vice-captain); R. T. Simpson; T. E. Bailey; J. G. Dewes; D. S. Sheppard; J. J. Warr; L. Hutton; F. R. Brown (captain, in front of microphone); D. B. Close; A. V. Bedser; W. E. Hollies; D. V. P. Wright; A. J. McIntyre; R. Berry (behind; almost hidden); Mr. H. J. Nash (joint manager); and T. G. Evans. The party had an enthusiastic send-off at Tilbury.



THE NEW U.S. SECRETARY OF DEFENCE: GENERAL MARSHALL, HEAD OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS, WHO HAS NOW SUCCEEDED MR. LOUIS JOHNSON.

Following Mr. Louis Johnson's resignation as United States Secretary of Defence on September 12, President Truman called on General George Marshall to succeed him. General Marshall, who is sixty-nine years old, was Chief of Staff of the American Army in World War II, and, from January 1947 to January last year, was Secretary of State. During that period he originated the Marshall Plan for aiding world recovery. Legislation was necessary to make the appointment effective, as General Marshall has been on active service within the last ten years.



CHAIRMAN-DESIGNATE OF THE PROPOSED IRON AND STEEL CORPORATION: MR. S. J. L. HARDIE.

Mr. Strauss, Minister of Supply, announced in the House of Commons on September 14 that the appointments to the Iron and Steel Corporation would be made on October 2, 1950. He said that Mr. S. J. L. Hardie would be chairman. Mr. Hardie is chairman of the British Oxygen Company, Ltd., vice-chairman of Metal Industries, Ltd., and director of other undertakings.



MARRIED IN THE PRIVATE CHAPEL AT GLAMIS CASTLE: VISCOUNTESS ANSON, THE QUEEN'S NIECE, AND PRINCE GEORG OF DENMARK.

The Queen and Princess Margaret motored from Balmoral to Glamis Castle on September 16 to attend the family luncheon party which followed the marriage of Prince Georg of Denmark, Acting Military Attaché to the Danish Embassy, and Viscountess Anson, eldest daughter of the late Hon. John Bowes-Lyon and of Mrs. Bowes-Lyon. The marriage ceremony took place in the private chapel at Glamis Castle. The Rev. M. Buch, Chaplain to the Danish Seamen's Missions in Newcastle, officiated. Another photograph, a family group, appears on page 470.



TO BE C-IN-C. FAR EAST STATION: VICE-ADMIRAL THE HON. GUY H. E. RUSSELL.

To be Commander-in-Chief, Far East Station, in succession to Admiral Sir E. J. Patrick Brind, the appointment to take effect in February, 1951. Vice-Admiral Russell is at present Admiral Commanding Reserves, but he will be relieved in that appointment next month by Rear-Admiral Slayter; before that, Admiral Russell commanded the cruiser squadron of the Home Fleet.



AN UNUSUAL SCENE AT LAKE SUCCESS: THE UNITED KINGDOM REPRESENTATIVE, SIR GLADWYN JEBB, VOTING IN AGREEMENT WITH THE SOVIET DELEGATE IN THE SECURITY COUNCIL.

The Security Council, by six votes to three, with two abstentions—one vote short of the necessary seven—declined on September 11 to invite an envoy of the Peking Government to attend its discussions of Chinese Communist allegations concerning the violation of the Manchurian frontier by American aircraft operating in Korea. The United States were joined only by Cuba and Nationalist China in their opposition to giving Peking a hearing.



ON THE EVE OF THE THREE-POWER TALKS IN NEW YORK: (L. TO R.) MR. ERNEST BEVIN (UNITED KINGDOM); MR. DEAN ACHESON (U.S.); AND M. ROBERT SCHUMAN (FRANCE).

Mr. Ernest Bevin arrived in New York on September 12 for the first session of the three-Power conference of Foreign Ministers at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. The Foreign Ministers of the three Western Powers, the United Kingdom, the United States and France, fell behind their three-day time-table and had to adjourn their talks until September 18, the day before the opening of the United Nations General Assembly.



## SOUTH AFRICA'S FAREWELL TO GENERAL SMUTS: SCENES IN JOHANNESBURG AND PRETORIA.

**S**OUTH AFRICA laid aside her political differences on September 15, and black and white people gathered side by side in Pretoria and Johannesburg to do homage to South Africa's greatest son, General Jan Christiaan Smuts. In Pretoria, where the funeral service and procession were held, great crowds thronged the two-mile route along which the coffin was borne on a gun-carriage, followed by a black charger draped in black with reversed boots in the stirrups. The funeral service took place in the Groot Kerk in Pretoria, where the coffin lay before the pulpit. On it were his insignia as a Field Marshal, and a wreath of purple, white and scarlet Cape heather from Mrs. Smuts, bearing the words: "*Tot siens (Au revoir), Pappa.*" Mr. N. J. De Wet represented the King and the Governor-General, and Marshal of the Royal

*(Continued below.)*



IN MEMORIAM: THE VAST CROWD WHICH GATHERED OUTSIDE THE CITY HALL IN JOHANNESBURG ON SEPTEMBER 14 TO PAY HOMAGE TO THE MEMORY OF GENERAL SMUTS. THIS GREAT OPEN-AIR SERVICE WAS ARRANGED BY THE CITY COUNCIL.



HEADED BY A PIPE BAND: THE FUNERAL PROCESSION IN JOHANNESBURG, WHERE OVER HALF-A-MILLION PEOPLE LINED THE STREETS TO THE CREMATORIUM. *(Radio picture.)*

*Continued.]*

Air Force Sir Arthur Harris represented Mr. Churchill. On medical advice Mrs. Smuts did not attend the funeral, but all her children and six grandchildren were present. The coffin was taken by train from Pretoria to Johannesburg, and along the forty-mile route thousands of Africans had gathered. As the coffin left Pretoria, "Last Post"



FAREWELL TO OUBAAS: THE COFFIN OF GENERAL SMUTS CARRIED IN PROCESSION ON A GUN-CARRIAGE THROUGH THE STREETS OF PRETORIA. *(Radio picture.)*

was sounded, and guns on the hill opposite fired a salute, while eight *Spitfires* flew past. In Johannesburg over half-a-million people lined the streets to the crematorium. The ashes will eventually be brought back to General Smuts' farm at Irene, where they will be placed near the remains of three of his children.



# THE 10TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN; AND EVENTS ABROAD.



BLOWN UP IN THE BAIE DE LA FRESNAIE, NEAR ST. MALO, WITH HEAVY LOSS OF LIFE: THE FRENCH WEATHER-OBSERVATION FRIGATE LAPLACE.

On September 16 the French weather-observation frigate *Laplace* was blown up when anchoring in the Baie de la Fresnaie, near St. Malo, and sank with heavy loss of life. It is believed that the explosion was due to a German mine of either the floating or magnetic type. Forty-one members of the crew were rescued, twenty-two were killed or drowned and twenty-nine were listed as missing.



BLOWN UP TO MAKE WAY FOR A SQUARE MODELLED ON THE RED SQUARE IN MOSCOW: THE RUINS OF THE KAISERS' PALACE IN BERLIN BEING DEMOLISHED.

The Kaisers' Palace at the east end of Unter den Linden is being demolished on the orders of the East Berlin Magistrat to make way for a huge square to be modelled on the Red Square in Moscow. The palace was erected in 1834-36 and its ruins are being broken up with explosives.



FLOODS FOLLOW SEVERE EARTHQUAKES IN ASSAM: A VIEW OF AN 800-FT. BAMBOO BRIDGE BUILT OVER THE GRAND TRUNK ROAD AT KHOWANG.

As the result of severe earthquake shocks in Assam on August 15 rivers became blocked and some 10,000 sq. miles of the countryside were flooded. About 100,000 tons of rice were lost and the Central Government has been sending food into the stricken areas by transport aircraft of the Indian Air Force.



PLEDGING HIS LOYALTY TO THE BAO DAI GOVERNMENT: BA CUT (RIGHT), A YOUNG REBEL LEADER, AT THE CEREMONY HELD AT THOT NOT.

At a ceremony held at Thot Not near Saigon, on August 26, Ba Cut, the twenty-seven-year-old leader of a political-religious sect of the Hoa Hao, pledged his loyalty to the French-sponsored Viet Nam Government, in the presence of Viet Name and French officials.



IN MEMORY OF THE FEW: MARSHAL OF THE R.A.F. SIR JOHN SLESSOR, CHIEF OF THE AIR STAFF, LAYING A WREATH ON THE R.A.F. MEMORIAL IN LONDON.

The tenth anniversary of the Battle of Britain was marked by commemoration services in the United Kingdom and abroad on September 17. In London Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor, Chief of the Air Staff, laid a wreath in memory of the Few who died for the Many on the R.A.F.



THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN: MARSHALS OF THE R.A.F. SIR JOHN SLESSOR AND LORD TRENCHARD AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



ARRIVING AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY FOR THE SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING: AIR CHIEF-MARSHAL LORD DOWDING, A.O.C.-IN-CHIEF, FIGHTER COMMAND, 1936-40.

Memorial on the Embankment and later attended the service of thanksgiving for the victory in the Battle of Britain held in Westminster Abbey. At the service H.M. the King was represented by Air Chief-Marshal Sir Ralph Cochrane and among those present was Air Chief-Marshal Lord Dowding.



## THE "HORSE OF THE YEAR" SHOW: SOME WINNERS AT HARRINGAY ARENA.



THE JUVENILE SHOW JUMPER OF THE YEAR: MISS PAT MOSS ON HER WELL-KNOWN CHESTNUT GELDING *BRANDY OF WHITE CLOUD*.



THE CHILDREN'S RIDING PONY OF THE YEAR: MR. A. DEPTFORD'S LIVER CHESTNUT MARE *PRETTY POLLY*, RIDDEN BY MISS DAPHNE LEE-SMITH.



(ABOVE.) THE SHOW HUNTER OF THE YEAR: MR. W. H. COOPER'S SIX-YEAR-OLD CHESTNUT GELDING *MIGHTY ATOM*. (INSET.) THE SHOW WEIGHT-CARRYING COB OF THE YEAR: MISS E. PROFUMO'S SEVEN-YEAR-OLD BAY GELDING *NUTMEG*.



THE LEADING SHOW JUMPER OF THE YEAR: MR. T. MAKIN'S CHESTNUT MARE *SHEILA*, RIDDEN BY MR. S. HAYES, WHICH BY AN AMAZING TWIST CLEARED THE LAST FORMIDABLE OBSTACLE IN AN EXCITING FINISH.



PRESENTING THE "SHOW HACK OF THE YEAR" TROPHY: THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK HANDING THE CUP TO COUNT ROBERT ORSSICH ON MISS EVANS' *LIBERTY LIGHT*, A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD BROWN GELDING.



WINNER OF THE *DAILY GRAPHIC* CUP FOR THE MIXED INTERNATIONAL TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP OF EUROPE: LIEUT.-COLONEL H. LLEWELLYN ON *FOXHUNTER*, AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD BAY GELDING, RECEIVING THE CUP FROM VISCOUNT KEMSLEY.

Performances of the highest order were seen at the "Horse of the Year Show," sponsored by the British Show Jumping Association, held at Harringay Arena on September 12, 13 and 14. The first event, the Overture Stakes, was won by Mr. Makin's *Sheila*, ridden by Mr. S. Hayes. The three-day show was particularly notable for the high standard of the jumping, and the chief event for show jumpers was won, on the second day, by Mr. Makin's *Sheila*, ridden, as in the Overture Stakes, by Mr. Shamus Hayes. This remarkable chestnut mare achieved the only

clear round, which included a 5 ft. 6 in. wall. This year a new method of judging was evolved at the show: one member of the panel judged conformation and action in hand, another "ride," or, in the case of ponies, suitability and manners, and the other presentation and performance of the animal under its own rider. The British jumping team to tour the United States and Canada in the autumn were announced at the end of the show. The members include Lt.-Colonel Llewellyn with *Foxhunter* and *Monty* and Mr. W. H. White with *Nizafella* and *Umbo*.





# The World of the Theatre.

## MASTER CRAFTSMAN.



I HAVE been thinking much recently about Sir Arthur Pinero—Arthur Wing Pinero, master craftsman of the 'nineties and of the high Edwardian noon. There have been causes for this; but I have to admit that, topical reasons or not, I am inclined to remember Pinero more than modern playgoers might consider good for me.

Craftsmanship of Pinero's loving quality always comes as something of a surprise to the young playgoer—not because there are no craftsmen to-day (do not mistake me), but because no one has recovered Pinero's absolute technical command, his gift for making a play as a watchmaker puts together a watch. So many dramatists leave out a spring or fly-wheel and wonder why the watch refuses to tick. It

By J. C. TREWIN.

last works. It was staged in New York in the early 'thirties; I do not think it has been done in Britain.

The story is a kind of Jekyll-and-Hyde footnote, and Harmer is a doctor who needs periodical low-life orgies. In this he shares the taste of Emlyn Williams's Will Trenting, a "realistic" novelist who has sometimes to leave Regent's Park for Rotherhithe and a few hours of life-in-the-raw. Trenting has had one of his unguarded orgies a few days before the announcement of his knighthood, and before long there are dire results: blackmail and, so we must believe, disgrace, though his family will stand by him. As a lurid piece of theatre, this is most capably put together; but only the author's quality as an actor made me accept Trenting. As a personage he is paint-and-putty; Emlyn Williams cannot seriously expect us to believe that the fellow would have won the Nobel Prize. If you accept the piece in the spirit of the White Queen, who believed several impossible things before breakfast, you may be all right; in any event, you will admire the performances of Noel Willman as a blackmailing worm, of Diana Churchill as a wife of profound sympathy, and of Dora Bryan as a good-natured and quite amoral twitterer from Rotherhithe.

My third reference to Pinero was at a play called "Lovely, Lovely Money," at the little New Lindsey Theatre. It was a muddled piece, with one small performance (by Douglas Ives) of a hard-shell, grim-thrusting business man that remains with me in its truth and care for detail. But I marked especially a single line, "Easy to lose your balance," spoken during the first act by someone who looked from a top-floor window in Park Lane. We knew then that before the evening was out, that window would be used—and so it was. I remembered another death-fall, that of Zoë Blundell, in Pinero's "Mid-Channel," from the top of a high building near the Albert Hall. A. E. W. Mason, in his history of the St. James's Theatre (where "Mid-Channel" was first produced), observed that the "circumstances of horror" were fatal to the play's popular chances. Through the windows the dome of the Albert Hall could be seen level with the flat, and in the distance and far below, the tops of trees in Hyde Park. There could be no death more shocking to the imagination, said Mason, than a fall from a balcony at such a height as this. A great pity, for "Mid-Channel" is a play of excitement and craft: this was proved a few years ago in a revival at the "Q" Theatre, which, in spite of Barbara Couper's fine performance of Zoë, one with the proper bold attack, never reached the West End.

I do not feel Pinero would have had much in common with other plays in the West End recently. As a former specialist in farce, he might have agreed that Vernon Sylvaine's "Will Any Gentleman?" (Strand) is often very funny in its later stages, with Robertson Hare alternating between dare-devil lover and respectable citizen. (Pinero's dialogue would have been wittier.) "The Little Hut" (Lyric), from the French, is nothing but an amiable zephyr, and "Spring Song" (Saville) an ample novelette redeemed by the breadth and goodwill of its cast. Self-consciously, I find myself hastening back to "Tanqueray" and to the year 1893: Pinero still shines.



"AS A LURID PIECE OF THEATRE, THIS IS MOST CAPABLY PUT TOGETHER": "ACCOLADE," A NEW PLAY BY EMLYN WILLIAMS AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE; A SCENE FROM ACT I. SHOWING (L. TO R.) WILL (EMLYN WILLIAMS), MARIAN (RUTH DUNNING), IAN (JOHN CAVANAH) AND RONA (DIANA CHURCHILL).

should be realised, moreover, that Pinero created people: that his plays, though of the theatre theatrical, are not simply examples of a technician's virtuosity. At their best, they are exciting to watch and to hear.

But then I was bred to Pinero in a repertory theatre which had two astonishingly good actors in the old style: I take pleasure here in recalling the names of Bernard Copping and Alfred Brandon, the first one's inevitable choice for the Aubrey Tanquerays and Hilary Jessons—the Alexander parts—the second for the family friends, the Cayley Drummles and Peter Mottrams. I saw a lot of take-it-or-leave-it acting on the tiny stage cut off from us by its sugar-plum drop-curtain of the Isle of Capri; but I am still confident that in those years of the middle 'twenties one did get some true reflections from Pinero's still unblurred mirror.

Pinero has been in my mind lately because of the revival of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" at the Haymarket. With the St. James's occupied, there is no better theatre, no more dignified frame than the Haymarket for a famous old piece that needs dignity, the grand manner, a certain precision and emphasis to which we are unused. Leslie Banks has the style to a hair. I do not think anyone could do more with that lonely man Aubrey, especially in the first act, when—surprisingly for him—Pinero, as though his attention had slipped, mars a beautifully-made play by some odd clumsinesses. "Let me scribble a couple of notes now," says Aubrey. And again: "Perhaps you'll let me finish a couple of letters." But not many will bother about this. The piece is as finely theatrical as it was on the May night in 1893 when Mrs. Patrick Campbell took the stage as Paula Tanqueray and entered history.

Paula, for whom the past seems to rise at every move ("I believe the future is only the past again entered through another gate"), is a superb part for an attacking actress. At the first performance Eileen Herlie, whom one would have deemed rightly cast, missed Paula's sweep, lacked the consuming flame. It was a careful miniature, yet, for all Miss Herlie's undeniable poise and beauty, not fully Pinero's Paula. Next to Mr. Banks, I found Ronald Ward's Cayley Drummle almost exactly right: he had style, and he did not let the part drone. Cayley's description of the first Mrs. Tanqueray is an awkward challenge: Mr. Ward gets through it as well as it could be done. Marie Ney, too, has brought an understanding dignity—again the word—to Mrs. Cortelyon. It is a handsome revival, not too smothered in decoration. Playgoers who attend it, asking what the fuss is about, and who is this Pinero, anyway, may find at the Haymarket that there is something, after all, in the legend of a piece known to some only for the lines of Belloc:

It happened that a few weeks later  
Her Aunt was off to the Theatre

To see that interesting play,  
"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

I remembered Pinero again a week later, on the first night of Emlyn Williams's "Accolade," at the Aldwych. This time I thought of a not very notable play of which relatively few people have heard: "Dr. Harmer's Holidays," one of Pinero's



A REVIVAL OF A PLAY BY SIR ARTHUR PINERO, "MASTER CRAFTSMAN OF THE 'NINETIES AND OF THE HIGH EDWARDIAN NOON": "THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY" AT THE HAYMARKET, A SCENE FROM ACT I. SHOWING AUBREY TANQUERAY (LESLIE BANKS) AND PAULA (EILEEN HERLIE). THE SCENE IS SET IN MR. TANQUERAY'S CHAMBERS, NO. 2X, ALBANY.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY" (Haymarket).—Pinero's famous show-piece for an actress is fittingly revived, though Eileen Herlie—to our surprise—lacks something of the grand manner as Paula.

"ROSMERSHOLM" (St. Martin's).—A competent Ibsen revival, with a study of the fated Rosmer, by Robert Harris, that has much more than competence. (Run ends on Sept. 23.)

"THE LITTLE HUT" (Lyric).—Three wrecked on an island. Evening dress, coconuts, and amiable twitter. Nancy Mitford's adaptation from the French depends heavily upon the blandness of Robert Morley. Oliver Messel's super-tropical set, and the inventive production of Peter Brook.

"VIEW OVER THE PARK" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—A careful, sluggish drama by C. P. Snow, with one effective Granville-Barkerish scene at a vital committee meeting.

"HOME AND BEAUTY" (Arts).—Somerset Maugham's farce of 1919 comes up well in a wittily-judged revival: Brenda Bruce is the "dear little thing." (At St. Martin's from Sept. 27.)

"FAR-FETCHED FABLES" (Watergate).—A minor Shavian self-parody that would have been better with a less chaotic production.

"ACCOLADE" (Aldwych).—Emlyn Williams writes of a famous novelist, a Nobel Prize-winner and a new-made knight, who must wander off at intervals to satisfy his lust for low life. There are strong theatrical flashes, with acting to match; but it is not a play to remember.

"WILL ANY GENTLEMAN?" (Strand).—In Vernon Sylvaine's romping farce the hypnotised Robertson Hare has (so he says) his cup of bitterness stirred with the sword of Damocles.

"SPRING SONG" (Saville).—A dawdling sentimental drama, sympathetically acted, about a Jewish family on the East Side of New York.

"SOLDIER BOY" (Embassy).—Aubrey Dexter's portrait of a family and friends (the scene is Ealing) deserves transference to the West End.

"LOVELY, LOVELY MONEY" (New Lindsey).—A trivial little piece (by Shirley Cocks) about the dangers of wealth. One needle-sharp sketch by Douglas Ives.



IN LONDON AND THE HOME COUNTIES:  
NEWS OF ENGLAND IN PHOTOGRAPHS.



A NEW—BUT NOT PERMANENT—VIEW OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY: A FINE VISTA DISCLOSED BY THE DEMOLITION OF THE OLD WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL (FOREGROUND). The demolition of the old Westminster Hospital—where the new Colonial Office is shortly to rise in its place—has opened up for the present a fine view of the West front of the Abbey. Behind can be seen the scaffolded Victoria Tower of the Houses of Parliament, and (extreme left) St. Margaret's.



VANGUARDS OF THE ROYAL NAVY OF TO-DAY AND OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S TIME: MODELS EXHIBITED AT BRIGHTON BY THE BRIGHTON AND HOVE MODEL ENGINEERS SOCIETY. The steam-driven working model of the great battleship H.M.S. Vanguard, which has a radio-controlled steering system, was made by Mr. G. H. Davis, whose diagrammatic drawings are familiar to all readers of *The Illustrated London News*. He also exhibited at the show a model space rocket of his own design (assisted by Mr. C. Clasby and Mr. W. Watts).



THE WINNER OF THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN AIR TROPHY RACE: MR. NORMAN CHARLTON WAVING FROM HIS PERCIVAL PROCTOR "NICODEMUS" AT HURN AIRPORT. The Battle of Britain Challenge air race from Bournemouth to Herne Bay, organised by the *Daily Express* on September 16, was won by Mr. Norman Charlton, of Darlington, at 164.5 m.p.h. in a Percival Proctor aircraft. It was his first race. The second to finish was Mr. I. A. Forbes, in a Miles Night-hawk.



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL CONGRATULATING HIS HORSE COLONIST II., ON HIS FIFTH WIN OF THE SEASON—THE FLORIZEL HANDICAP AT KEMPTON PARK ON SEPTEMBER 15. Mr. Winston Churchill's colt *Colonist II.* shows his best form when his owner is present, and on September 15 showed great courage in winning by a short head from *Speciality* in the Florizel Handicap. Both horse and owner had a great reception at Kempton Park.



LOOKING OVER THE FURNISHINGS OF THE ROYAL WAITING-ROOMS AT WINDSOR STATION—WHICH WERE SOLD BY AUCTION, AS NO LONGER NEEDED, ON SEPTEMBER 15. The Royal waiting-rooms at Windsor Central Station, which were presented to Queen Victoria as a Jubilee gift and which were last used during the funeral of George V. in 1936, are now to be a railway police headquarters. The furnishings were sold by auction on September 15 and realised £352 15s.



IN THEIR NEW TYPE OF COMBINED OXYGEN TENTS AND INCUBATORS: THE QUADRUPLETS, BORN TO MRS. MARY COLES IN WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL ON SEPT. 12-13. On the night of September 12-13, four daughters—Marie, Frances, Edna and Patricia—were born to Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Coles, wife of Mr. David Coles, the two former being born on the 12th, the two latter after midnight. Although premature, they are doing very well.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THIS must be a trying moment for disciples of Ernest Hemingway. This time he has let rip and no mistake. "Across the River and Into the Trees" (Cape; 9s. 6d.) is one gush of narcissism; it is not so much a bad novel as a sad display. The Colonel, its beloved figure, is enjoying a last fling in Venice: his town, because he fought for it in the old war. He is a "combat person," the epitome of toughness, fifty years old—or half a hundred, as he prefers to reckon. "You are one-half a hundred years old, you bastard you. Now go in and take a shower and scrub good, and afterwards put on your soldier-suit. . . ." Thus he adorns his mirror-image, his ideal playmate. For though the fling includes a last duck-shoot and a last romance—with an Italian girl of nineteen, rich, beautiful, blue-blooded and addressed as Daughter—yet at heart it is a long monologue. In a staccato, private idiom of self-pity and aggressive nonchalance, he talks his way to the grave.

"To hell with jerks!" is how it might be boiled down. And when Renata asks him to define a jerk—"I think it means a man who has never worked at his trade (*oficio*) truly, and is presumptuous in some annoying way." The world is full of them, and Colonel Cantwell knows them at sight. But then he has an intellectual pull. His head is all welts and ridges (from the days before plastic surgery) and operation-scars of newer origin; and these are not the whole story. "How many times," his doctor asks, "have you been hit on the head?" "Maybe ten," is the resulting estimate. "Counting polo. Give or take three." As an aid to judgment, being hit ten times on the head is something new; but in the Colonel's eyes it is a guarantee of moral worth, and also of unerring vision. It has enabled him to see a jerk in almost every politician, war correspondent and officer of higher rank, at least on his side; he is much fonder of the "Krauts," because he killed so many of them. Whereas the French, and more especially the British forces, are jerks *en masse*. All sailors, I conclude, are jerks; they are presumptuous in an annoying way. Tank regiments are morally suspect. . . . And to cut a long story short, one must be in the line and have been "hit solidly."

All this, in different sessions, he expounds to Daughter, whose refrains are "Please don't be rough," and "Tell me more, please." Daughter has acquired the idiom, and gives it back like an echo. But she is far from indispensable. At one point she falls asleep, bang in the middle of an exposition, and he goes ahead just the same.

Probably I sound unfair. But only worse remains; the book has nothing real, except its truculence and self-pity. And since the style, on top of that, is so "presumptuous," it reads like a parody. One comfort is that it can go no further. This is a dead end; this is the very bottom of the sack.

"The Trap," by Dan Billany (Faber; 10s. 6d.), is in strange contrast. Here we have the jerks at war—and in defeat and bondage, which would please the Colonel no end. The young narrator is an ardent Socialist and working-class intellectual, a subaltern against the grain, denouncing war and seeing its uniform as a disguise, a total breach with real life. He loves a girl in Cornwall, and her house is bombed, her brother killed at thirteen, her parents thrown out on the rubbish-heap. At this cruel moment he is sent to Africa. He shares the desert battle and defeat, and writes his last word in a prison camp. "I do not 'believe' in the war—in this or any other. . . . It is not related to the true feelings of real people. Only the sufferings are real. The causes for which we suffer are contemptible and ridiculous."

There is no form and little plot. The book is unrevised, the writer was killed in Italy. Plainly, he used it as a hold-all for his own experience and for his own burning views. These, too, are unrevised and young, therefore immoderate and simple, and at times rather foolish. But they are always generous and on the side of right, and, what is more, they don't much affect his eye. He sees the thing itself, and puts down what really happened. But there is something odder: Michael's theories are at complete and unexplained variance with all his conduct as a soldier. To begin with, he is in uniform. Nor is he even in the ranks, despite his class indignation. He is an officer—a good, conscientious officer, with no more notion of deserting than of flying to Mars. Out in the desert, he enjoys his war; he likes ruling men, and treats them very firmly, like a kind schoolmaster. If they are soldierly and self-devoted, he approves wholeheartedly. Perhaps it does not make sense; but it is natural, sincere and vivid. We have lost a true writer.

"The Morning Room," by Gwenllian Meyrick (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.), is for ladies only. And I mean ladies; here the class-consciousness is on the other side. Laura has three children and a khaki husband, who will soon be demobbed. And she is looking for a home. South Grove is late-Victorian and oversized, but she can let the back part to a Mrs. Mason, with a girl in the A.T.S. Freda will take a job on her release, her mother will be cook-housekeeper.

She proves a first-rate cook, a smiling and efficient aide. But she encroaches quietly. Her room is a magnetic field, where things incline to fetch up; it is a den of cosiness, where children have their paws buttered. This would be trial enough, but Freda is the last straw. She is not bovine, and she does not wear satin blouses. And she knew Laura's husband in the war, and calls him Mark. And her encroachments are far more subtle.

Of course, they are a pair of harpies, and one ought to take Laura's side. But then I felt the story had an inner meaning. The Masons' real crime is to live in comfort and reject satin blouses; and Laura's anger is the shriek of departing privilege.

It is no mean feat in a detective novel to keep up one's interest, yet preserve one from the faintest anxiety. "The Case of William Smith," by Patricia Wentworth (Hodder and Stoughton; 9s. 6d.), gives not a moment of distress, yet it is not dull. Young William Smith has come out of the war a new man; his true identity is lost, and now he makes wooden animals. But someone knows him, and is trying persistently to do away with him. There is small doubt about the criminal, and none of the happy ending; really Miss Silver could be spared. But it is very pleasing, with a nice love-story.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.



THIS position was reached in the recent British Championship by the moves 1. P-Q4, Kt-KB3; 2. P-QB4, P-K3; 3. Kt-KB3, P-Q4; 4. P-KKt3, P×P; 5. QKt-Q2, P-QB4; 6. P×P, B×P; 7. B-Kt2? White resigned two moves later. How did Black (J. Penrose) achieve this?

## VISUALISING IN CHESS.

You don't always need an "all-seeing" eye in chess. Sometimes you wish for a "non-seeing" eye. Gazing at one position, you try to visualise others which might arise. The pattern before you may be, and often is, a positive hindrance to the imagining of others. Often enough, lying in bed after a game, I have "seen" things which eluded me when hampered by the physical presence of board and men. I once caused amusement during a tournament game by deliberately closing my eyes when it was my turn to move. The end-game stage had been reached and, in my calculations, every piece had moved to a new square—actually, a blank board would have served me the best.

Can you visualise our second diagram this week, on the basis of the first? It does not matter unduly if you fail to find the combination, for it was of unusual brilliance. If you can link the two positions mentally, comprehending the play between them, with practice and study, you could become a good chess player.

## THE PLAY FROM THE FIRST DIAGRAM.

7. . . . B×BPch!!; 8. K×B, Kt-Kt5ch. White resigned; he is mated or loses his queen, e.g., 9. K-Kt1, Q-Kt3ch.

Or 9. K-K1, Kt-K6; 10. Q-R4ch, B-Q2 and, with twelve squares at her disposal, the queen is trapped (see second diagram); e.g., if 11. Q-R3, or 11. Q-Kt4, Kt-B7ch.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## ENGLISHRY CONTINUED.

IT is curious that only a week or two after I listed "White's Natural History of Selborne" among the "irreducible minimum" of my books, there should appear simultaneously two books dealing with the famous clergyman and naturalist. Both are published by the Falcon Press at 15s., and both are written by members of the same family. They are "White of Selborne," by Walter S. Scott, and "The Antiquities of Selborne in the County of Southampton," by Gilbert White (edited by Sidney Scott). Now I must confess that the first disappointed me a little. Either there is not enough material for a full-length

biography of Gilbert White—or Mr. Scott has not found it. This is not to say that the book is not both interesting and well written. It is both. But I could not help feeling that it was like Dr. Johnson's leg of mutton, "too much for one but not enough for two." I got the impression that Mr. Scott found too much material for a mere preface but not enough for a full-length book. The result is that from time to time there is a distinct hint of padding. Now it is legitimate for the biographer of a historical personage to give a picture of the background of the age in which his subject lived. I remember that Lord David Cecil, for instance, in his biography of Cowper (produced some twenty years ago), wrote one of the most brilliant word pictures of the eighteenth century ever penned.

It is both right and necessary, therefore, for Mr. Scott to give us a picture of the torpid eighteenth-century Oxford with which Gilbert White was connected throughout his life. For this enables us to see something of the man—and admirably (as long as his material lasts) Mr. Scott does it. But I'll be hanged if I see what bearing the views of a writer in the *Saturday Review* in 1868 have on the Oxford of Gilbert White's undergraduate days, a century earlier. Moreover, the literary-historical trick of drawing a picture and saying, "he may well have seen this," irritates me, unless there is pretty clear evidence from the sources that he almost certainly did.

However, I must not let this faint exasperation of mine give you the impression that this is not a pleasant and worth-while book. That would be wrong. When you have finished it you will have a clear picture of the great naturalist—not merely as the world has seen him through his mature writings, but as the undergraduate, the Junior Proctor (and I wish the proctors in my day had been as lenient as White was in the incident so charmingly described) and as the country parson, almost cut off from the world by the badness of the Hampshire roads, but casting wistful glances northward to Oxford and that Provostship of Oriel which always eluded him. No. I am sorry if anything I have written above should put you off getting this book. You certainly should do so.

The other book is wholly satisfying. The Rev. Sidney Scott lives at Selborne in a house facing that where the famous "Natural History" was written. He points out in his preface that few of the 200 editions of the "Natural History" have the "Antiquities" included, though White himself intended them to be. The "Antiquities" are in a way as delightful as any of the letters to Pennant or Daines Barrington or his other correspondents. They show White not merely to have been as observant in studying a mediæval manuscript as in watching the flight of a swallow, but give us a remarkably clear picture of a mediæval English parish and of the pre-Reformation Church, in both its florescence and decline.

The illustrations are wash drawings made of Selborne in 1776 by Samuel Hieronymus Grimm, and are as pleasing as the many poems and fragments of poems by Gilbert White which Mr. Scott has assembled.

Gilbert White would have approved (or am I falling into the fault I have ascribed to Mr. Walter Scott?) of "Orchids: Their Description and Cultivation," by Charles H. Curtis (Putnam; 4s. 4s.). For this is a labour of love by a distinguished botanist. Those who merely think of orchids as something which a young lady called Blandish failed to get, or as an expensive adjunct to an expensive evening, will be impressed by the 1500 species, varieties and hybrids listed here. Mr. Curtis in his earlier years had charge of the orchid collection at Kew, and has had the almost incredible ill-luck of having his own collection destroyed by air attacks—not merely in World War II., but in World War I. as well.

Mr. Curtis has written his book to fill a need. For at a time when interest in orchids has never been greater, there is not a single up-to-date publication dealing comprehensively with the subject—and nearly every pre-war standard work is out of print and fetching high prices. I predict a great success for this book. He explodes the fallacy that only those with a sound financial foundation in mustard or custard can grow orchids, and his description of his own success in a small greenhouse will hearten the gardener of limited means who has always thought of orchids as the perquisite of millionaires.

I must, too, say a special word about the illustrations. In any book on such a lovely flower species as the orchid the illustrations would be important. In this book the standard of colour printing is as high as any I have seen, and I fear lest enterprising makers of table-mats may not buy the book in

quantity in order to cut it up!

Good illustrations were also, of course, essential to "Painters and Personality," by Sam. A. Lewisohn (Harper; 35s.), and they have been provided in satisfying profusion. Mr. Lewisohn's art criticism is well known on both sides of the Atlantic, and this new and enlarged edition of his pre-war work will be eagerly welcomed. His subject is a fascinating one—what makes an artist see and paint as he does—and he does it full justice. Though from time to time the layman may find it a little difficult to follow him into the stratosphere of artistic criticism, I defy anyone not to be interested in his analysis of the effect of the painter's individuality, upbringing or background on his art.

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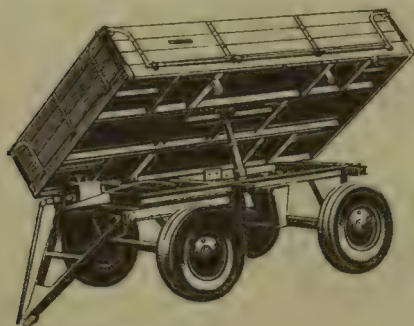
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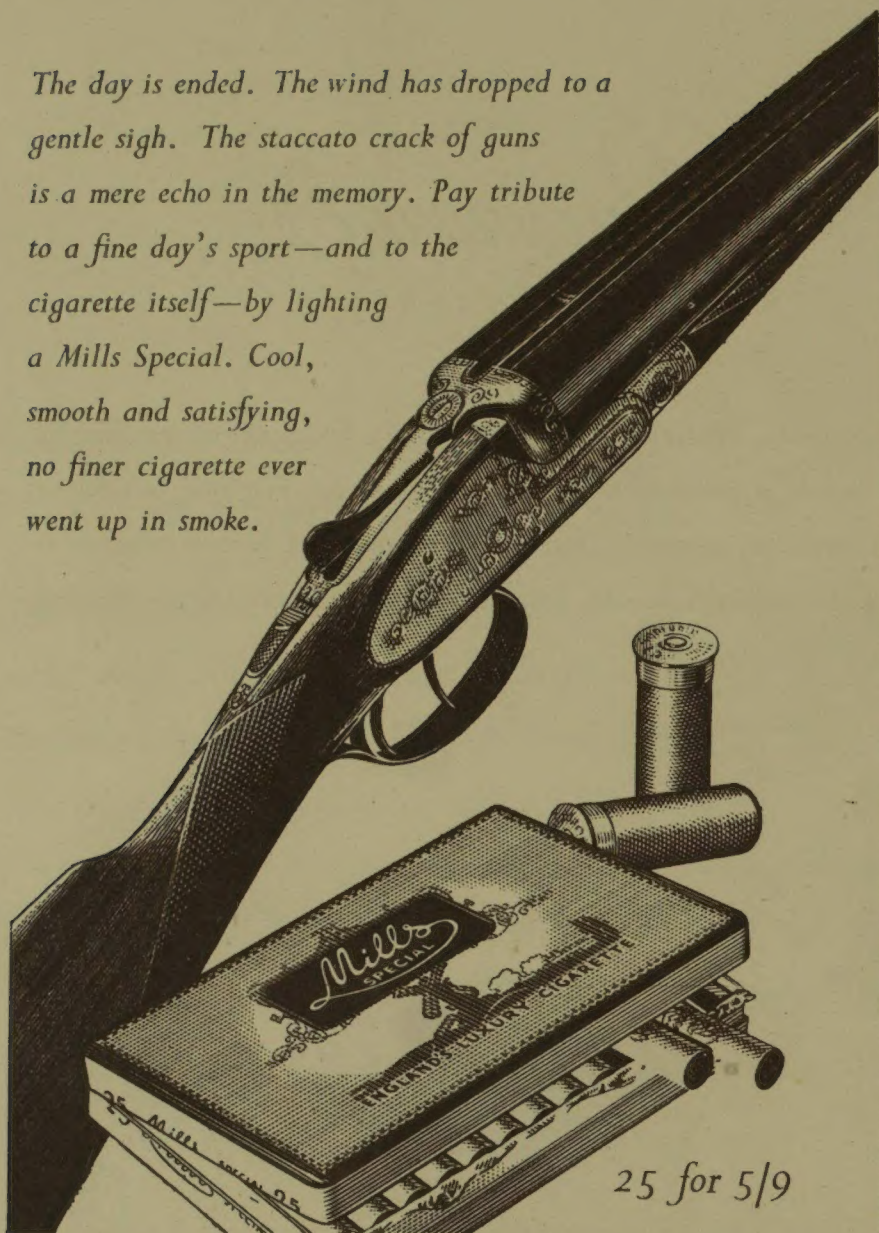
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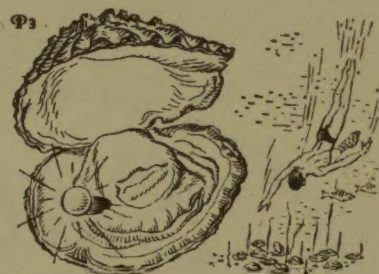
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HIGHWAYS AND HIGHWAYMEN John Cottington

## *He robbed a dictator—but spared his subjects*

John Cottington, more commonly known as Mull-sack, hated Cromwell so much that when he received intelligence about a convoy of twenty horse and a wagon of gold to pay the soldiers at Gloucester and Oxford, he and five or six men ambushed the convoy and actually defeated the troopers. Several passengers who had travelled with the convoy for safety feared the loss of their own possessions, but Mull-sack told them that "they came not to

take away any money but what did as justly belong to them as the persons that pretended to it." Mull-sack was hanged in Smithfield Rounds in April, 1659, at the age of 45 years. These picturesque scoundrels, who once made travelling an ordeal, are dead and gone. But to-day, thanks to John Boyd Dunlop's invention of the pneumatic tyre, we can travel in safety and comfort past the places that once echoed to the dreaded cry of "Stand and Deliver!"



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